

Horizon

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

A CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by STEPHEN SPENDER

THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE
FUTURE OF EUROPE

by T. S. ELIOT

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE:

(i) THE WATERS OF NANTERRE

(ii) ECSTASY

by GEORGE SAND

(iii) MRS. TREVOR'S

by HERBERT SIMON

RACE PURITY IN MUSIC

by BÉLA BARTÓK

THE SACRED TABLE

by T. C. WORSLEY

REVIEWS *by* DOUGLAS COOPER, R. FRIEDMANN
and ROSE MACAULAY

REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS *by* Brazilian Artists

MONTHLY: TWO SHILLINGS NET

DECEMBER VOL. X, No. 60 1944

Edited by Cyril Connolly



"W-e-l-l, I never seem to get
any bally leisure for reading . . ."

ISSUED BY BOOK TOKENS LIMITED

POETRY LONDON X

Edited by Tambimuttu

An ideal Christmas gift. Lithographs to T. S. Eliot's *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* by Gerald Wilde. Drawings for *The Ancient Mariner* by Mervyn Peake. Facsimile reproduction of a poem by Augustus John. Contributions from nearly a hundred poets who have not previously appeared in print or have not appeared in *PL*. Articles by Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, G. S. Fraser and others. An interesting experiment in publishing never before attempted in this country.

FIFTEEN SHILLINGS NET



HORIZON announces a new book

Last year HORIZON published Aragon's *Crève-Cœur*. Now we are able to offer our readers and the general public a beautifully printed limited edition of an original work by an English author entitled

THE UNQUIET GRAVE
BY
PALINURUS

THE UNQUIET GRAVE is a year's journey through the mind of a writer who is haunted by the turbulent Mediterranean figure of Palinurus, the drowned pilot whose uneasy ghost demands to be placated. Three movements indicate with deepening intensity the three blust'ring nights when he is adrift on the ocean, and the Epilogue examines the myth from both the historical and psychological aspects.

The book is printed at the Curwen Press on hand-made paper in an edition limited to 1,000 copies. There are four colotype plates.

500 copies, cloth boards, 18s. net

500 copies, paper wrappers, 15s. net



Ready early next year: another HORIZON publication printed at the Curwen Press on mould-made paper.
GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE: CHOIX DE POÉSIES

Introduction by C. M. BOWRA

Paper wrappers 7s. 6d.

Cloth boards 10s. 6d.

ORDER IN GOOD TIME

HORIZON

6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Place, London, W.C.1

TOTAL PEACE

by ELY
CULBERTSON

Ely Culbertson has always been primarily a sociologist who combined an analytical power of the first order with an uncommon understanding of human nature. His *World Federation Plan* for world settlement and permanent peace was recently outlined in a short summary. It has a growing and amazingly strong backing in America. In England, Lancelot Hogben writes: 'My personal view is that Ely Culbertson's World Federation Plan is the most important contribution to world peace that any writer of our generation has made.'

Culbertson's new full-length book, *Total Peace*, is fascinating reading. It not only elaborates and explains the World Federation Plan, but offers new concepts of United States foreign policy and discusses vital post-war questions: What is the future of the United Nations? Will Russia seek a Communist Europe? Will Britain hold the Empire? What is the future of China? What will be the world power pattern in 1945—in 1975? How can we solve the dilemma of national armies versus international police force, of nationalist versus international sentiment among leaders and people?

WITH MAPS 12s. 6d.

FABER & FABER

HORIZON

EDITED BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

Vol. X No. 60 December 1944

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COMMENT	367
A CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY:	
Poems by Edmund Blunden, Edith Sitwell, Jose Garcia Villa, Sidney Keyes, C. Day Lewis, George Barker, Edwin Muir, John Lehmann, Vernon Watkins, Howard Nemerov, Dunstan Thompson, Frances Cornford, Roy Fuller, John Waller	<i>Compiled by Stephen Spender</i> 370
THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE FUTURE OF EUROPE	<i>T. S. Eliot</i> 382
VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE	
(i) THE WATERS OF NANTERRE	<i>Mme de Créquy</i> 390
(ii) ECSTASY	<i>George Sand</i> 395
(iii) MRS. TREVOR'S	<i>Herbert Simon</i> 399
RACE PURITY IN MUSIC	<i>Béla Bartók</i> 403
THE SACRED TABLE	<i>T. C. Worsley</i> 407
SELECTED NOTICES:	
SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS	<i>Douglas Cooper</i> 425
BRANCH STREET	<i>R. Friedmann</i> 428
E. M. FORSTER	<i>Rose Macaulay</i> 432
REPRODUCTIONS OF FOUR PAINTINGS BY BRAZILIAN ARTISTS appear between pages 394 and 395	

The editorial and publishing Offices of HORIZON are at 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1.—Six months' subscription, 12/6 net, including postage, U.S.A.—\$2.50. Agents for U.S.A. & Canada: Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street, New York City, U.S.A. For advertising terms please write to The Business Manager, Terminus 4898

All MSS. submitted should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, and will not be returned if this is not enclosed

MACMILLAN BOOKS for DECEMBER

Charles Morgan's

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR

The publication in volume form of a selection from the series of essays on contemporary values which have been appearing in *The Times Literary Supplement* as of 'Menander's Mirror.' 8s. 6d.

James Monahan's

FAR FROM THE LAND

A small book of verse by a young poet whose work shows individual power and reaches a high level of achievement. 4s.

Ian Serraillier

THE WEAVER BIRDS

A distinctive feature of this volume of poetry is the narrative verse, based on fairy-tale, legend and folklore. The book is illustrated by the author. 6s.

Naomi Royde Smith's

FIREWEED

A novel with a background of English public school life, Paris, and London in the two wars. 10s. 6d.

Macmillan Centenary Awards

The closing date for receiving entries is

DECEMBER 31st, 1944

MACMILLAN & COMPANY, LTD., W.C.2

COMMENT

WITH this number HORIZON completes its fifth year; it has survived five years of boredom and destruction—of the general deterioration of humanity and seen the whole world move noisily into the Dehydra-headed Utility epoch. By now we should have a policy: we have. Accused of 'aestheticism', 'escapism', 'ivory-towerism', 'bourgeois formalism', 'frivolity' and 'preferring art to life' it pleads on all these counts 'guilty and proud of it'. If HORIZON regrets anything it is that we have published too much journalism and too many non-literary contributions in the past, but, believing that the end of life is art, we also believe that there is no art without life and that the artist must keep abreast with the scientific discoveries and political theories which may be of use to him and undergo with a good grace those experiences which he feels may prove constructive. HORIZON's first five years have witnessed a decline in all the arts, together with a belated recognition by the State of their importance. The State now sits by the bedside of literature like a policeman watching for a would-be suicide to recover consciousness, who will do anything for the patient except allow him the leisure, privacy and freedom from which art is produced. Books are becoming as bad as they are ugly; newspapers continue to be as dull with four pages as they were once with forty; reviewing has sunk to polite blurb-quoting; nothing original is produced: journalists grow sloppier, vainer, more ignorantly omniscient than ever; the B.B.C. pumps religion and patriotism into all its programmes; mediocrity triumphs, and ministries with their paste-and-scissor periodicals pour into Europe their selections from the few restricted magazines which are still able to dig up a little new material. Censorship of policy: cultural relations: no cultural relations without censorship of policy! These are the slogans of the Nine Years' War.

It is apparent from Philip Toynbee's article in the November issue that a different state of affairs exists in France. In England writers have been exhausted by total war. Although it is Hitler who is responsible for this exhaustion it is the State which appears as their enemy, for it is the State which continues to drain them by demanding new efforts. Consequently the attitude of our most valuable writers becomes one of anarchist passive resistance. In France there was no total war, but the Germans

were directly in command. Instead of the State becoming the enemy (for Vichy was too weak for that) there was a military tyranny to be opposed. The attitude of writers therefore was not one of anarchic sulking but of fraternal conspiracy against the oppressor. And in the case of most writers their leisure and privacy were not interfered with. The French writers are still fighting an ideological war, they have retained the freshness found among English writers during the Spanish crisis (a red Christmas to you, General Franco), they have been hungry, but they have not been worn out by long hours, air-raids and propaganda work. We on the other hand who have neither starved nor been tortured, have never had our liberation, our moment of glory. As French politics become more externalized it may well turn out that the French writers will begin to suffer from the same ailments as our own and will come to understand why such a book as David Gascoyne's *Poems* remains for some of us the best book of verse since the war, why Edith Sitwell's *Poets' Note-book*, Bowra's *Post-Symbolists*, or the last novels of Maugham and Rosamund Lehmann appeal through being uncontemporary.

Every European war is a war lost by Europe; a war lost by Europe is a war lost by England; a war lost by England leaves the world poorer. This is the lesson we have to learn, and the only remedy is to strengthen Europe by action constructive in inverse proportion to the damage which has been done. Such action must lead to a European Federation—not a nominal federation, but a Europe without passports—a cultural entity where everyone is free to go where they like, say what they like, do what they like and pay how they like. If Europe cannot exchange economic nationalism for international regionalism it will perish as the Greek City States perished, in a fizzle of mutual hate and distrust under the heel of an invader. As Right Wing governments are always Nationalist this European federation can only be brought about by the Left—by a European Front Populaire which is determined to be strong and also to avoid a third world war. HORIZON will support with all the force of its rubber dagger any government which helps art and literature, but since all governments are equally philistine (for all politicians worship power, and power excludes art) our rôle is much more likely to be in opposition to whatever government is in power

in the interests of literature and art. We therefore celebrate the completion of our first lustre by wishing a merry Christmas to those in all countries who love literature for its own sake, to the secret members of the republic of letters, a republic without nationalism, without territory, without ambition. Most of its members are to be found in the United States, where such magazines as *Partisan Review*, now an admirable literary quarterly, represent it, and in France; but they must exist all over Europe, and also in Russia, and eventually we may reach a standard of civilisation where they can all communicate again, and communicate through the enjoyment of masterpieces and not by the blowing of nationalist trumpets, the improvement of cultural relations through the dissemination of bone-head attachés, the wiring of stuffed artists for sound, the blah and blare of broadcasting and journalism, or the murmurs of 'censorship of policy'.

The HORIZON prize will not be awarded by readers vote this year, but has been divided between the contributors to Mr. Spender's Christmas Anthology. Next year it will go to the painters. HORIZON announces for early 1945 a special Anglo-French number which will tell the English readers of HORIZON about French books and the French about English; an article on America by Bertrand Russell, new poems by Dylan Thomas, further articles on the philosophy of the novelists Anatole France, Turgenev, Gide, Proust, Malraux, Giono and 'Where Shall John Go?' for Egypt, Canada, Sweden, Australia by Tom Harrisson, and Cuba, by Ernest Hemingway.

The Editors of HORIZON would also like to draw the attention of readers to the two new books advertised in this issue in which an attempt has been made to restore the obsolescent sensation of delight to book-production. The price of *The Unquiet Grave* is five dollars in U.S.A. and Canada, post free. Cloth-bound copies only.

A CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY STEPHEN SPENDER

EDMUND BLUNDEN

ON READING A MAGAZINE

EDITED BY OSCAR WILDE

Once on a time before I heard
Of your life history half a word
I read some verses wherein you
With rural heart and liking drew
Rich meadow pictures, caught the sounds
Of flock and flight in dewy grounds;
And much I honoured such a man, whose natural joy sang so,
And wished to see you by the streams where I alone would go.

Perhaps I missed your main intent
But ever before me charmed you went,
And in most beautiful design
You set the things I counted mine.
The shoals in pools with morning rays
Resplendent held us both at gaze,
And if none else delighted in the dancing dragon fly
And nesting pigeon in the ash, you did, and I knew why.

Soon sent from water-lily haunts,
And where the honeysuckle flaunts,
I heard your name—but withering fame
Hurled savage echoes of the same,
And called you false, and called you worse,
Sneered if it even recalled your verse;
But ever in my secret mind I could not think it true,
And when the wit had spent its shot, I still went back to you.

Now turning these fair pages, still
I find you on the Muses' hill;
Not singing here, but with fixed thought
On things by art of all kinds wrought,
Generous, informed, deep-finding, plain,
Sparkling in points, broad-bright in the main;
Hence in these later years I bring this homage to your shade,
With tears enough, but final joy that what you were has stayed.

SERENA

From dark to fiery, mute to loud
The tempest days of autumn change;
A glory then on gloom will crowd,
Time grows electrical and strange—
And sometimes known in you I bless
Such flashing powerful changefulness.

And yet I bless besides caprice
That heavenly quietude, my dear,
That pure serene, that lulling peace
Which knows no haste, and dreams no fear,
Like evening skies in countries where
Great belfries shine in golden air.

This peace that looks from your wide eyes
And on your lip rests, even your hand,
Is such an earthly paradise
That I delighted understand
What life could be for humankind
Were peace so pictured to their mind.

EDITH SITWELL

A SONG AT MORNING

The weeping rose in her dark night of leaves
Sighed 'Dark is my heart, and dark my secret love—
Show not the fire within your heart, its light—
For to behold a rainbow in the night
Shall be the presage of your overthrow.'

But morning came, and the great dews; then her philosophies
Of the hearts' darkness died. And from the chrysalis of her thin
sleep
That lay like light or dew upon my form
I rose and wrapped my wings about me, went
From that porphyrian darkness. Like the rose

I too was careless in the morning dews
Seeing the dead and the dead hour return
To forgive the stain on our hands. I too at morning
Am like the rose who shouts of the red joys and redder sorrows
Fallen from young veins and heartsprings that once held
The world's incendiarism and the redness of summer,
The hope of the rose. For soon will come the morrow
When ancient Prudence and her wintry dream
Will be no more than the rose's idleness . . .
The light of tears shall only seem the rose's light
—Nor sorrow darker than her night of leaves.

JOSE GARCIA VILLA

TWO POEMS

I

My most. My most. O my lost!
O my bright, my ineradicable ghost,
At whose bright coast God seeks
Shelter and is lost is lost. O
Coast of Brightness. O cause of
Grief. O rose of purest grief.
O thou in my breast so stark and
Holy-bright. O thou melancholy
Light. Me. Me. My own perfidy.
O my most my most. O the bright
The beautiful the terrible Accost.

II

I will break God's seamless skull,
And I will break His kissless mouth,
O I'll break out of His faultless shell
And fall me upon Eve's gold mouth.

I will pound against His skull,
I will crack it by my force of love:
I'll be a cyclone gale and spill
Me out of His bounding groove.

I'll be upon Eve, upon Eve,
Upon Eve and her coasts of love!
I'll be upon Eve, upon Eve,

Cataract of Adamhood. There would I be
My Lord! There would I rebuild me Thee
There alone find my Finality.

From *Have Come, Am Here*,
Viking Press, New York

SIDNEY KEYES

AN EARLY DEATH

This is the day his death will be remembered
By all who weep:
This is the day his grief will be remembered
By all who grieve.
The winds run down the icebegotten valleys
Bringing the scent of spring, the healing rain.
But the healing hands lie folded like dead birds;
Their stillness is our comfort who have known him.

But for the mother what shall I find of comfort:
She who wrought glory out of bone and planted
The delicate tree of nerves whose foliage
Responded freely to the loving wind:
Her grief is walking through a harried country
Whose trees, all fanged with savage thorns, are bearing
Her boy's pale body worried on the thorns.

C. DAY LEWIS

IN THE SHELTER

(From a sequence)

In a shelter one night, when death was taking the air
Outside, I saw her seated apart—a child
Nursing her doll, to one man's vision enisled
With radiance which might have shamed that beast to its lair.

Then I thought of the Christmas roses again, those dark
Lanterns comforting us a winter through
With the same dusky flush, the same bold spark
Of confidence, O sheltering child, as you.

Genius could never paint the maternal pose
More deftly than accident had roughed it there,
Setting amidst our terrors, against the glare
Of unshaded bulb and whitewashed brick, that rose.

Instinct was hers, and an earthquake hour revealed it
In flesh—the meek-laid lashes, the glint in the eye
Defying wrath and reason, the arms that shielded
A plaster doll from an erupting sky.

No argument for living could well sustain
These ills: it needs a faithful eye to have seen all
Love in the droop of a lash and tell it eternal
By one pure bead of its dew-dissolving chain.

Dear sheltering child, if again misgivings grieve me
That love is only a respite, an opal bloom
Upon our snow-set fields, come back to revive me
Cradling your spark through blizzard, drift and tomb.

GEORGE BARKER

‘THE VILLAGE CODDLED IN
THE VALLEY’

The village cuddled in the valley,
The bird cuddled in the cloud,
The small fish nested, the babe breasted,
Sleep with a deeper sleep endowed:
For them this evening especially
Hangs its veils over all of the world.

Whickering child and weeping lamb
Interchange in the general care
That Nature, with birth on her arm,
Extends to all the young that are;
As, walking the world, she keeps from harm
The weeping child and whickering lamb.

HORIZON

EDWIN MUIR

THE RIDER VICTORY

The rider victory reins his horse
Midway across the empty bridge
As if head-tall he had met a wall.
Yet there was nothing there at all,
No bodiless barrier, ghostly ridge
To check the charger in his course
So suddenly, you'd think he'd fall.

Suspended, steed and rider stare,
Leaping on air and legendary.
In front the waiting kingdom lies,
The bridge and all the roads are free.
But halted in implacable air
Rider and horse with stony eyes
Uprear their motionless statuary.

JOHN LEHMANN

THE PAINTINGS

(For Edith Sitwell)

What was their story? In the rain-soft isle,
Where all the year the hills are veiled in haze
And hushed the streams where swan and cygnet sail,
What hunger brought them or mischance to house?

Soft as the sheen along a swallow's wing
The bloom of night beyond the meadow sleep,
Softer than pearl the summer rainbow swung
Between the willows, soft the downs' green lap;

Yet through the bracken woods the boulders loom
Built once their temples, and the bluebell mound
Is mausoleum to their royal limbs
Whose state through centuries so vast remained;

The sea-moor caves will give no answer now,
The sacred language is a secret lost,
Only the paintings speak: whose gleams renew
Tropical visions of a wound-wide lust

Half spirit's agony, half unslaked flesh,
Despair in fires of bliss: but what have these
Ruins that in deep night as planets flash
To do with the mild land's eternal haze,

The dewlit hedgerows and the swallows' sheen:
Some say that in great battles all were killed
And the old kings restored who grieved to win;
But there are legends that their hunger foiled

Drove them with all their Princes like a wave
One rotting Autumn when the leaves were gone
Down to the rocky West, where they took sail
And vanished in the flarepath of the sun.

VERNON WATKINS

A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY

January, your month,
When sparrows beg for crumbs
Flying to the low suns
Of windows that are kept closed;
They hop again; this day becomes
More fragile through the grimace
Of frost. A child's two thumbs
Press glass, through crystal days
And hushed, windless snows
Seek ancestry, soon lost
In the sun's golden gaze
And lacework of frost.

What sun is there? What race
Of song, caught in the looms
Of flowers? I was doing sums,
Reading in ancient tombs.
I am wrong again; it is yours,
This day and all its hours,
Not, as I supposed,
The property of a ghost,
But to light your Winter-born face.

HOWARD NEMEROV

SESTINA ON HER PORTRAIT

Thickness of paint or flesh cannot deface
The honor of the bone, no metaphor
Can name or claim that tempest of clear form.
Look through the eyes, conceive the fret and lace
Of place and age. Acid will only grave
Deeper love's lines that limit form's desire.

The painter's hand establishes the form
In volume, space; so that the painted face
Deepens the flat. Deep, deeper than the grave
The brush stroke cuts, involving a fine lace
Of blood and bone and vein, a metaphor
For what, speaking loosely, we call desire.

From chaos, dark night and, desolate, the grave,
From winter's rotten branch, essential form
Advances like a season. The metaphor
Of time extends itself to show your face,
And in this parable, time and desire
May meet, as on a cross, or crossed in lace.

Consumed in time, you are a metaphor
Decided on dark ground. Space is the grave,
But this is borne out, perfect, by desire.
Fire in shape, consumption of clear form,
Elected light within the bone, can lace
What seems the constant bearing of your face.

And like a needle to its North, desire
Continually creates a metaphor
Of truth in falsity. Paint will unlace,
And flesh, and faithful time, maybe, deface
Even the honor of the bone, deform
Even the sense of eyes, serene and grave.

And all this light, reverting from your face
Will be, in parable, a metaphor,
No more, for death. The moment of your form
Exerts a force on time, a constant lace
Endures on your dark ground, that will but grave
Deeper with looking, limits of desire.

No matter to deface that metaphor
Now clear and formal, caught and crossed in lace:
The echo of the grave perfects desire.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON
NOR MARS HIS SWORD

My life is legends of the yellow haired
Who coin their eyes with money from my hand,
And, seeing through me their good looks endeared
To the rough boatman, go laughing to a far land.
Each burnished lad, his riches squandered, spends
My fortune to persuade me we are friends.

You were the first, but may not be the last
Contriver, O death-in-life-long lover. Time
Which we failed at school, time when devotions past
Reason ransacked us—what moonlight for crime:
That time runs out. Now I besiege a bad age
With courage. And you in a bombed square rage.

Tomorrow I may not give you. But today
My heart, as instance, for your faithful watch?
Why, you shall have it if one word I say
Lights up the nightshade by a striking match.
You turned me once against myself, and for
Your welfare I can offer nothing more.

At moments such as this my failure takes
Wing like the swan and, singing, flies through death,
Air of the sad daredevil. Tears, those snowflakes,
Mantle the ruined duchies underneath
My eyes. 'God have mercy on us both,' you said,
And looked in the mirror at the glassy dead.

Angel of anguish, suicidal saint,
Dear friend with a sunburst for a martyr's crown,
I am your praising enemy, a faint
Fellow, but the broken voice is still my own.
Pray, rest—the world is wide awake. In heaven,
I believe, even our deaths are forgiven.

HORIZON

FRANCES CORNFORD

THE VISIT

There is a bed-time sadness in this place
That seemed ahead so promising and sweet,
Almost like music calling us from home.
But now this stair-case does not need our feet,
The drawer is ignorant of my brush and comb,
The mirror quite indifferent to your face.

MIDNIGHT INVOCATION

Sleep, it is late;
To you my weary wits I dedicate
As though they were a slate.

Come when I call:
With mercy look on every jagged scrawl,
And Sleep, efface them all.

CASUALTIES

This once protected flesh the War god uses
Like any gadget of a great machine—
This flesh once pitied where a gnat had been
And kissed with passion on invisible bruises.

ROY FULLER

TWO EPITAPHS FOR SOLDIERS

I

Passing soldier stop and think
I was once as sad as you,
Saw in history a brink
More fearful than a bayonet's blue
—And left to what I thought but birds
The human message of these words.

II

Incredibly I lasted out a war,
Survived the unnatural, enormous danger
Of each enormous day. And so befell
A peril more enormous and still stranger:
The death by nature, chanceless, credible.

JOHN WALLER

THE MEANING OF WAR

How frequently the last time
Comes and we do not know
That this is indeed the last time
Before all shadows flow
Into a snow of memory
Where memory locks the gates
Of that ice-bound palace garden
Where a few wander like ghosts.

Childhood days by a river
To khaki dreams on a beach
Are usual recollections
That you or I may reach;
But those who deal in hazards
And take what dealing gives
Can never know the last time
In good or fatal moves.

The last time I see people
Is simple as goodbye,
Peter on Weymouth station
Or Kay going home to die.
Goodbye is always a warning
Till the next time we meet
That death is most wary, lurking
Behind unwary feet.

T. S. ELIOT

THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

I WISH first to define the sense in which I shall use the term 'man of letters'. I shall mean the writer for whom his writing is primarily an *art*, who is as much concerned with style as with content; the understanding of whose writings, therefore, depends as much upon appreciation of style as upon comprehension of content. This is primarily the poet (including the dramatic poet), and the writer of prose fiction. To give emphasis to these two kinds of writer is not to deny the title 'man of letters' to writers in many other fields: it is simply a way of isolating the problem of responsibility of the man of letters *qua* man of letters; and if what I have to say is true for the poet and the novelist, it will also be true for other writers in so far as they are 'artists'.

The first responsibility of the man of letters is, of course, his responsibility towards his art, the same, which neither time nor circumstance can abate or modify, that other artists have: that is, he must do his best with the medium in which he works. He differs from other artists, in that his medium is his language: we do not all paint pictures, and we are not all musicians, but we all talk. This fact gives the man of letters a special responsibility towards everybody who speaks the same language, a responsibility which workers in other arts do not share. But, in general, special responsibilities which fall upon the man of letters at any time must take second place to his permanent responsibility as a literary artist. However, the man of letters is not, as a rule, exclusively engaged upon the production of works of art. He has other interests, like anybody else; interests which will, in all probability, exercise some influence upon the content and meaning of the works of art which he does produce. He has the same responsibility, and should have the same concern with the fate of his country, and with political and social affairs within it, as any other citizen; and in matters of controversy, there is no more reason why two men of letters should hold identical opinions, and support the same party and programme, than why any other two

citizens should. Yet there are matters of public concern, in which the man of letters should express his opinion, and exert his influence, not merely as a citizen but as a man of letters: and upon such matters I think that it is desirable that men of letters should agree. In proceeding to suggest some of these, I have no expectation that all men of letters *will* agree with me: but if I confined myself to statements to which all men of letters, as men of letters, could give immediate assent, I should only be uttering platitudes.

The man of letters as such, is not concerned with the political or economic map of Europe; but he should be very much concerned with its cultural map. This problem, involving the relations of different cultures and languages in Europe, must have presented itself first, to the man of letters, as a domestic problem: in this context, foreign affairs are merely an extension of domestic affairs. Nearly every country, that has been long settled, is a composite of different local cultures; and even when it is completely homogeneous in race, it will, between east and west, or more often between north and south, exhibit differences of speech, of customs, and of ways of thinking and feeling. A small country of course, is usually assumed by foreigners to be much more unified than it really is: and although the educated foreigner is aware that Britain contains within its small area several races and several languages, he may underestimate the importance of both the friction, and the often happy combination toward a common end, of the different types. It is a commonplace that industrialism (of which totalitarianism is a political expression) tends to obliterate these differences, to uproot men from their ancestral habitat, to mingle them in large manufacturing and business centres, or to send them hither and thither as the needs of manufacture and distribution may dictate. In its political aspect, industrialism tends to centralize the direction of affairs in one large metropolis, and to diminish that interest in, and control over, local affairs by which men gain political experience and sense of responsibility. Against this tendency, 'regionalism'—as in the demand, from time to time, for greater local autonomy in Scotland or in Wales—is a protest.

It has often been the weakness of 'regionalist' movements, to assume that a cultural malady can be cured by political means; to ascribe, to individuals belonging to the dominant culture, malignant intentions of which they may be innocent; and, by not

probing deep enough into the causes, to 'prescribe a superficial remedy. By the materialist, these regional stirrings are often regarded with derision. The man of letters, who should be peculiarly qualified to respect and to criticize them, should be able to take a longer view that either the politician or the local patriot. He should know that neither in a complete and universal uniformity, nor in an isolated self-sufficiency, can culture flourish; that a local and a general culture are so far from being in conflict, that they are truly necessary to each other. To the engineering mind, the idea of a universal uniformity on the one hand or the idea of complete autarchy on the other, is more easily apprehensible. The union of local cultures in a general culture is more difficult to conceive, and more difficult to realize. But the man of letters should know that uniformity means the obliteration of culture, and that self-sufficiency means its death by starvation.

The man of letters should see also, that within any cultural unit, a proper balance of rural and urban life is essential. Without great cities—great, not necessarily in the modern material sense, but great by being the meeting-place of a society of superior mind and more polished manners—the culture of a nation will never rise above a rustic level; without the life of the soil from which to draw its strength, the urban culture must lose its source of strength and rejuvenescence. *Fortunatus et ille qui deos novit agrestes.*

What we learn from a study of conditions within our own countries, we can apply to the cultural economy of Europe. The primary aim of politics, at the end of a great war, must be, of course, the establishment of a peace, and of a peace which will endure. But at different times, different notions of what conditions are necessary for peace may prevail. At the end of the last war, the idea of peace was associated with the idea of independence and freedom: it was thought that if each nation managed all its own affairs at home, and transacted its foreign political affairs through a League of Nations, peace would be perpetually assured. It was an idea which disregarded the *unity* of European culture. At the end of this war, the idea of peace is more likely to be associated with the idea of *efficiency*—that is, with whatever can be *planned*. This would be to disregard the *diversity* of European culture. It is not that 'culture' is in danger of being ignored: on the contrary, I think that culture might be safer if it were less talked about. But in this talk of 'culture', the notion of a European

culture—a culture with several sub-divisions, other than national boundaries, within it, and with various crossing threads of relationship between countries, but still a recognizable universal European culture—is not very prominent: and there is a danger that the importance of the various cultures may be assumed to be in proportion to the size, population, wealth and power of the nations.

I have mentioned the problem of regional diversities of race and culture within one nation (as in Great Britain) not merely as a helpful *analogy* to the diversity of Europe, but because I think the two problems are essentially one and the same. I do not think that a unity between the main regional cultures of Europe is possible, unless each of the units is itself comprehensive of considerable diversity. A completely unified national culture, such as has been the ambition of German ideologues and politicians, for the last hundred years and more, to bring about in Germany, tends to become, as is easily seen from a purely political point of view, a menace to its neighbours. What is not so immediately obvious is that, from a cultural point of view, a nation so completely unified is a menace to itself. We can all see that in a nation the citizens of which have been trained to regard each other as brothers, we shall find the brotherliness intensified by, and in turn intensifying, a common hatred of foreigners. We can even say that a nation in which a good deal of internal bickering and quarrelling does not go on, cannot be a desirable member of the European community of nations. But I think that a nation which is completely unified culturally, will cease to produce any culture: so that there must be a certain amount of internal *cultural* bickering if it is to achieve anything in the way of art, thought and spiritual activity—and thereby make its contribution to the culture of Europe.

The achievement of a creative balance of local and racial forces, within a single nation or between the communities of Europe, seems to me, however, nothing like so easy as some theorists like Professor E. H. Carr, whose attention is concentrated upon purely political problems, seem to believe. 'There is every reason to suppose,' says Professor Carr in his *Conditions of Peace*, 'that considerable numbers of Welshmen, Catalans and Uzbeks have quite sufficiently solved the problem of regarding themselves as good Welshmen, Catalans and Uzbeks for some purposes and good British, Spanish and Soviet citizens for others.' I do not

know how considerable numbers of Catalans and Uzbeks feel about it; but so far as the Welsh are concerned, Professor Carr seems to me to have answered a question which no Welshman would ask. The majority of Welsh, I have no doubt, would regard themselves as both 'good Welsh' and 'good Britons' (apart from the fact that the Welsh have a better ancestral claim than most of us in this island, to regard themselves as *Britons*—but Mr. Carr has been a professor at Aberystwyth, so he ought to know): the question for them is, whether Welsh culture can maintain and develop itself, against the pressure towards indifferentiated uniformity which is exerted from London. The same question is asked in Scotland; the same question should be asked in every county of England which has not already been absorbed by London or by some great provincial industrial town. And if all the parts of Britain lose their local cultures, they will have nothing to contribute to the formation of British culture, and, consequently, Britain will have nothing to contribute to European culture.

I have suggested that the cultural health of Europe, including the cultural health of its component parts, is incompatible with extreme forms of both nationalism and internationalism. But the cause of that disease, which destroys the very soil in which culture has its roots, is not so much extreme ideas, and the fanaticism which they stimulate, as the relentless pressure of modern industrialism, setting the problems which the extreme ideas attempt to solve. Not least of the effects of industrialism is that we become mechanized in mind, and consequently attempt to provide solutions in terms of *engineering*, for problems which are essentially problems of *life*.

I may seem, in the foregoing pages, to have been departing further and further from the subject of this paper; the responsibility of the man of letters. Political problems will continue to be dealt with by politicians, and economic problems by economists; and there must continually be compromises between the political and the economic points of view. And just as these are not two wholly separate areas of activity, which can be satisfactorily dealt with by two mutually independent groups of specialists, so the 'cultural' area cannot be isolated from either of these. It would be very convenient if it were so, and if the men of letters, and the other people whose special concern may be said to be matters of 'culture', could pursue their policies indifferent to what happens

in the political and economic realms. The assumption that such a clear separation of activities can be made, seems to underlie such a statement of Professor Carr's as the following: -

'The existence of a more or less homogeneous racial or linguistic group bound together by a common tradition and the cultivation of a common culture must cease to provide a *prima facie* case for the setting up or the maintenance of an independent political unit.' (*Conditions of Peace*, p. 62.)

One cannot say that this statement, as it stands, is unacceptable. But it needs qualification; for, otherwise, one might infer from it that the 'culture' of a 'more or less homogeneous racial or linguistic group bound together by a common tradition and the cultivation of a common culture' can flourish unimpaired, whatever its degree of political subordination. In other words, I raise the question whether the culture of such a group can remain independent, without some degree of political independence: though on the other hand, I assert that *complete* cultural autarchy is not compatible with the existence of a common European culture. The world's real problems are in practice a complex, usually a confusion, of political, economic, cultural and religious considerations; in one or another situation, one or more of these will be sacrificed to the one which is, in that situation, the most compulsive; but every one of them involves the rest.

The responsibility of the man of letters at the present time, according to this point of view, is neither to ignore politics and economics, nor, certainly, to desert literature in order to precipitate himself into controversy on matters which he does not understand. But he should be vigilantly watching the conduct of politicians and economists, for the purpose of criticizing and warning, when the decisions and actions of politicians and economists are likely to have cultural consequences. Of these consequences the man of letters should qualify himself to judge. Of the possible cultural consequences of their activities, politicians and economists are usually oblivious; the man of letters is better qualified to foresee them, and to perceive their seriousness.¹

¹A case in point is the recent Education Act in this country. No one so far, appears to have devoted any attention to the probable effects of such a measure upon English culture: even the ecclesiastics have not arrived at any definite view of the probable effects upon English religion.

I should not like to give the impression that I assume there to be a definite frontier, between the matters of direct and those of indirect concern to the man of letters. In matters of Education, for instance, he is less directly concerned with the problems of organization and administration of popular instruction, than he is with the *content* of education. He should certainly be aware, of what many persons seem to be ignorant, that it is possible to have a high state of culture with very little education, and a great deal of education without any consequent improvement of culture: from some points of view he will not take education quite so seriously as other people seem to do. But he is very much concerned with the maintenance of *quality*, and with the constant reminder of what is easily overlooked: that, if we had to choose, it would be better that a few people should be educated well, than that everyone should be educated moderately well. He should also be particularly concerned with the maintenance of those elements in education which the several European nations have in the past had in common. We are not only in danger of, we are actually suffering from, excessive nationalism in education. The common higher elements of European secular education are, I presume, the cultivation of Latin and Greek language and literature, and the cultivation of pure science. At a time when science is chiefly advertised for the sake of the practical benefits, from invention and discovery, which the application of science may confer, the reminder is perhaps not inappropriate, that applied science is always liable to be contaminated by political and economic motives, and that inventions and discoveries appeal to people as often for their usefulness in getting the better of other people, in peace and in war, as for their common benefits to mankind. And also, that it is not the use of the same machines and the enjoyment of the same comforts and therapeutic aids, that can establish and develop a common mind, a common culture. I speak of science, however, with some hesitation: but I am wholly convinced that for the preservation of any European culture, as well as for the health of its national components, a perpetual cultivation of the sources of that culture, in Greece and Rome, and a continual refreshment from them, are necessary. I should say Israel also, but that I wish to confine myself, so far as that is possible, to the cultural, rather than the religious aspect.

There are other matters over which the man of letters should

exercise constant surveillance: matters which may, from time to time, and here and there, present themselves with immediate urgency. Such are the questions which arise in particular contexts, when the freedom of the man of letters is menaced. I have in mind, not merely questions of censorship, whether political, religious or moral: my experience tells me that these issues must be faced as they arise. I have in mind also the dangers which may come from official encouragement and patronage of the arts; the dangers to which men of letters would be exposed, if they became, in their professional capacity, servants of the State.¹ Modern governments are very much aware of the new invention 'cultural propaganda', even when the governors are not remarkably sensitive to culture: and, however necessary cultural propaganda may be under modern conditions, we must be alert to the fact that all propaganda can be perverted.

As I said earlier, I do not expect that all men of letters, in every country of Europe, will concur with my *views*; but I venture to hope that some of them will agree, that there is a range of public problems in which we all have, irrespective of nationality, language or political bias, a common interest, and about which we might hope to have a common mind; and I hope that some will agree that I have stated some of these problems. Such agreement would give more content to the phrase 'the republic of letters'. The 'republic' or (to use a stronger term) the 'fraternity' of letters does not, fortunately, demand that all men of letters should love one another—there always have been, and always will be, jealousy and intrigue amongst authors: but it does imply that we have a mutual bond, and a mutual obligation to a common ideal; and that on some questions we should speak for Europe, even when we speak only to our fellow-countrymen.

¹Formerly, English men of letters often found their livelihood in the Civil Service. But this kind of dependence upon the State enabled them to be all the freer to follow their own aims and observe their own consciences as writers. This was a very different thing from serving the State *as men of letters*. In the future it seems likely that Civil Servants will be far too busy to be authors in their spare time, and that the Civil Service will not enlist men of this type.

Reprinted from *The Norseman* by
kind permission of the Editor.

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

I—THE WATERS OF NANTERRE¹

MME DE CRÉQUY

MADAME DE MARSAN, Princess of Lorraine, with whom I often went on little pilgrimages, proposed that we should take the waters at Nanterre, at her patron saint's well. So we set out one day in the gilded coach, part of the time saying paternosters and the rest of it amusing ourselves with what was before us. Because, so she said, you must not wipe the lip of the cup which is chained to the parapet and which you have to drink from; and above all you must not leave a drop although it holds at least half a pint. I cried out at this but the good Princess underlined the duty we owed not to scandalize simple people and in the end I agreed to do as she asked.

I must tell you that the water in question is a sovereign remedy for the eyes, from which neither of us suffered. But when we got within sight of the place we found it surrounded by so many peasants and farm people that we could not get near. As a result we left the coach and with a charming modesty stood away to one side.

We then saw, guess who, coming up to make their devotions? No less a person than Madame du Deffand, who was a rabid atheist, and for whom the Chevalier de Pont-de-Vesle, assisted by several servants, was forcing a way through. She was practically blind at that time, as was also her companion, and because of this the water, for them, was not merely a precaution as it was for us. But we had the satisfaction of watching them drink a full cup each. We did not flatter ourselves that these two old people, who had lived together in sin for years, would boast afterwards to their agnostic friends of what they had done, but we determined to say nothing of it ourselves. The last thing in the world we wished was to promote a story which might encourage jokes about such a subject.

¹From the *Souvenirs de Madame de Créquy* (1710–1800) to her infant grandson Tancred Raoul de Créquy, Prince de Montlaur. Translated from the French by Henry Green.

It was at this moment that Madame de Marsan's servants, who were wearing the livery of Lorraine and of Jerusalem, became highly indignant at our humility. They suddenly discovered that they were shocked to see Madame du Deffand precede us. The Princess's first coachman suggested that a way should be made for us through the rabble. We replied that we had no house work nor anything to do in the vineyards as had all these good people crowding round the well, and we ordered him and those under him to let us be.

This very much upset the servants, so much so that at one moment I almost thought they were going to disobey the Princess, their mistress. And this is where I must tell you about Madame de Marsan's first coachman.

The fact is the man wholly disliked me, dating from the time some years previously when coming to me for a place, he had refused to join my household.

'Who was your last employer?' I asked him, naturally enough at this disastrous interview.

'Madame, I was with the Abbot Duke de Biron, but he has gone to meet his Maker.'

'If that man ever got before the Eternal Father he didn't stay there long,' I could not help remarking half under my breath. This seemed to annoy the coachman. He told me he was of gentle birth, as were most of the Duke's servants. I replied that there was nothing beneath him in wearing the Créquy livery, and suggested he should go upstairs to settle his wages with my secretary.

'But, Madame,' he said, 'before engaging myself in your service I must know whom you give way to.'

'To everyone! I give way to everyone except in the streets and the courtyards at Versailles.'

'But surely Madame, you would never expect your first coachman to give way in Paris to the wives of Cabinet Ministers?'

'Certainly. And all the more so because I dine every Thursday in the district where these people live.'

'But really Madame is never going to give way to the wife of a Chancellor of the Exchequer? Why, if one of his servants had anything to say I'd sort him out with my whip.'

'Oh, well, those people usually know whose livery it is they have to deal with, but in any case I do not for a moment intend to knock passers-by over or endanger my carriages just to keep up a

position *vis-à-vis* the middle classes, nor even to injure my horses.'

'It's quite right that Madame has only twelve carriage horses in her stables, and besides I am not accustomed to make way except before the Royal Princes. As a result I'm afraid I shall not give you satisfaction, Madame,' and he went off perfectly furious. Madame de Marsan had taken him on, and it was he who was now urging the coachmen to revolt, saying that we were dishonouring them. What particularly exasperated him it seemed was that de Pont-de-Vesle's servants had taken up a position in front; and, so he said with scorn, the gentleman was only a *bourgeois*.

Monsieur Girard was the name this proud coachman went by, and it is worth noting that thirty years later, at the time of the Revolution it was Citizen Girard, the same man, then known as one of the most enthusiastic revolutionaries as well as one of their best speakers, who was finally guillotined by his friends for being an Orleanist, or Federalist, I forget which.

While he sat there, growing old without knowing it for a glorious destiny, and while he egged our servants on to disobey us as he held the reins high above the seven-windowed golden coach, we managed to make our way at last up to the well, and there I drank my draught of the water in peace of mind and in submission. Then we went to render thanks in the parish church in which lie the relics of the Saint for, as you will have guessed, this was the real object of our little pilgrimage. Accordingly we made our way to the church on foot with, on my part, that sentiment of confidence and tenderness which all my life I have felt for the Patroness of Paris.

But when we tried to get in, the church was so full to overflowing that we sent for the sacristans to ask if we might not be allowed to take our places in the private chapel where the relics are.

'No one is permitted to enter the chapel any more. We have been forbidden to let ladies from the Royal Court go anywhere near the relics. You must surely know that Madame de Créquy last year stole a piece of the True Cross.'

'Madame de Créquy, you say?'

'And no other. She stole a piece of the True Cross from off the altar.'

I burst out laughing while Madame de Marsan was asking how they knew it had been me.

'There was no mistaking her, Madame,' they replied. 'She

came in her carriage with six horses, her servants were wearing the yellow livery with red braid; two other servants from Paris were in the church, and they told us who it was. She was at least twice the size of either of you ladies.'

'You see if I'm not right,' Madame de Marsan said to me in a low voice. 'It will be Madame the Marshal de Noailles, she is always doing it.' This was the more likely in that the liveries of our two houses were the same.

Of course Madame de Noailles was insane, and certain steps had to be taken not long after to restrain her, steps in which your old grandmother took a prominent part. Nevertheless that was the end of our little pilgrimage. But while I am on the subject I must tell you one last story of mistaken identity.

On a Sunday evening in Paris I was outside the church of Saint-Sulpice waiting for one of the attendants whom my servants had gone to fetch to open the chapel for me, and conduct me through the crowd. There I was sitting in my carriage when a young priest came to the door. He was very thin and very pale, and his hands were so dirty and he was in such rags that I could almost have taken him for a beggar. He held a piece of paper, which he gave me, and which said he was from the late Duchess of Orleans, wife of the Regent. He went on to speak of the admirable way she had died, according to the rites of the Church. He used such unpleasant expressions that I had no difficulty in recognizing that he was one of that hateful sect of Jansenists which had got hold of the Duchess as she lay dying.

This piece of paper, he said, contained a legacy from the Duchess, which he then qualified as an act of conscience on her death bed. It was no more and no less than a recipe for making red cabbage soup. Take two handfuls of Reinette apples, it said, an onion stuffed with cloves, and two glasses of red wine to each average-sized red cabbage. 'I wanted to send you this as I had so often promised to do,' the Duchess had written in her own hand on the other side, 'and I do so now as a mark of my full and sincere reconciliation with the Faith.'

As I was reading this the sacristan was waiting for me to leave the carriage, and my servants were ready to escort me with my cassock, the bag with my prayer books, and the cushions which were emblazoned with my arms, but no more extravagantly than was the custom at that time. All this upset the young priest, who

began to call on me to show a more christian humility and to flee Satan, on account of my velvet bag with gold thread embroidery. 'Vain sinner, learn the way of God,' he wound up.

'Father,' I said, 'first things first. Now who do you think I am?' (For I had read the recipe.) 'Who do you think, tell me? First of all I am not Madame de Mouchy, and I would advise you another time to take greater care when you deliver the last wishes of the dying. Here it is back so that you can give it to Madame de Mouchy, who is exceedingly greedy. Also I shall never forget what a dying woman's conscience pricked her to do under your ministrations, because I am very fond of red cabbage, Father, and have always wanted this recipe.'

At this moment Françoise de Chauvelin, a distant cousin of mine, came up.

'Good heavens,' she said, 'what on earth are you doing talking with my idiot of a nephew?'

'Watch your step as you go into the House of God,' he cried out, most unpleasantly. Then he turned to the servant who was carrying Madame de Chauvelin's bag and her train. 'Don't you tremble at what you are about to do in the Presence of God,' he shouted, and he struck the train out of the man's hands with one blow of his fist. It fell in the dust on the church steps.

'The madman,' she said. 'Does he want me to drag my dress through all this filth so that I'll get as dirty as he is?'

'Now then, now then,' her servants said to him, very indignant at the way he had spoken to their mistress. Particularly the first coachman, who went on, red with fury, 'if it wasn't that I'd be excommunicated, seeing that you're in holy orders, I'd break every bone in your body for speaking to Madame as you've just done.'

You should know, because you are too young to remember, that Madame de Mouchy was Marguerite-Eugénie de Laval, a lady in waiting to the Regent's daughter, the Duchess de Berry. It was not so extraordinary, therefore, that the Berry's mother should think of her at the last, even if only for a recipe, although it could not, at such a moment, speak to the credit of Madame de Chauvelin's nephew. But how he could ever mistake me for a Laval passes all understanding.

II—ECSTASY

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND's *Journal Intime*, from which this passage is translated, was shown by her only to one or two friends, and was published by her grand-daughter in 1926 to vindicate her memory. The episode which Sand describes occurred on 24 December 1840 (not 1839, which date Sand must have added later in error) and concerns the Polish poet Mickiewicz (1798–1855) who has been regarded as second only to Pushkin among Slavonic poets. Other versions of what occurred can be found in Mickiewicz's biography and in the letters of Slowacki, the poet whose remarks provoked him. (See Karénin, George Sand, III, 201.)

Mickiewicz had a remarkable gift of poetic improvisation and he gave the title 'Improvisation' to the poem in which he dramatizes his own experience of poetic inspiration, the centrepiece of the third part of *Dziady* (The Ancestors). Long years of distress proved too much for his intense nature. Shortly after this episode the 'high sickness of the mind' which Sand describes degenerated into definite mental instability touched with religious mania. He recovered, but his poetic gift had gone.

Twenty years later George Sand recorded her view that it is not in ecstasy that man obtains the true vision of the divine.

L. L. WHYTE

Paris, Rue Pigalle 16.

December 1839

Something happened recently which is rather strange at the present time. At a reunion of Polish emigrés a certain poet who is said to be rather mediocre and was a little jealous, recited a poem addressed to Mickiewicz in which, amidst lavish praises, he complained of the superiority of this great poet with a frank vexation which was not in bad taste. It was obviously at once homage and reproach. But the sombre Mickiewicz, insensible to both, rose and improvised a reply, or rather a speech in verse, which had a prodigious effect. No one can say exactly what happened; each of those present has retained a different memory of it. Some say he spoke for five minutes, others for an hour. It is clear that he spoke to them so finely and that he said such beautiful things, that they all fell into a kind of delirium. One heard nothing but cries and sobs; some had nervous hysterics, others couldn't sleep that night. Count Plater was in such an

extraordinary state of exaltation when he got home that his wife thought he had gone mad and was completely terrified. But as he told her as best he could, not Mickiewicz's actual improvisation—of which no one was able to repeat a word—but the effect of his words on his audience, the Countess Plater fell into the same state as her husband and began to weep, pray and rave. So there they are, all convinced that there is something superhuman in this great man, that he is inspired like the prophets, and their superstition is so strong that one of these days they might well make him into a God.

I have succeeded in discovering the theme on which Mickiewicz improvised; it was this: you complain that you are in no way a great poet; that's your own fault. No one can be a poet if he has not within himself both love and faith. On this idea, which is indeed beautiful, Mickiewicz could and could not but speak brilliantly. He doesn't himself remember a single word of his improvisation, and his friends say that he is more scared than flattered by the effect that he produced on them. He also confesses to them that something mysterious and unexpected happened in him, in fact that though he was quite calm as he began to speak, he suddenly felt himself carried beyond himself with enthusiasm, and one of them who saw him next day found him in a state of prostration such as follows a grave crisis.

In hearing this and collecting the same reports from all sides I seemed to be listening to the story of some scene of past times, for nothing like this happens any more nowadays, and in spite of what Liszt and Madame d'Agoult say, it's only the dilettantism of the arts that displays similar ecstasies. I don't believe in the improvisations of our philosophical and literary charlatans. Poets and teachers are all comedians. While applauding them, the public isn't taken in, and as for our political orators, they have so little elevation or poetry in their souls that their speeches are nothing but declamations doled out more or less well.

What happened to Mickiewicz belongs to the series of occurrences which one used to call miracles, and which today might be called *ecstasies*. Leroux gives the best and perhaps the only reverent and poetic explanation which can be accepted by reason of all this marvellous element in the philosophical and religious history of the human species. He defines *ecstasy* and places it amongst the high faculties of the human mind. It is a grand theory and he will

set it down. Meantime here is how it appears to me, following what he has so far expressed in his notes and what I believe I have guessed from our conversations.

Ecstasy is a power held in suspense which appears in men who have devoted themselves to abstract ideas, and it perhaps marks the limit which can be reached by the soul in the most sublime regions, but beyond which one step further throws it into confusion and madness. Between reason and mania there is a state of mind which has never been properly observed or described, in which the religious faiths of all times and of all peoples have assumed that man was in direct contact with the Spirit of God. This is called the divining or prophetic state, oracle, revelation, vision, descent of the Holy Spirit, conjuration, illuminism, convulsionism, and I believe at any rate that these occurrences are one phenomenon, that of ecstasy, and Leroux thinks that magnetism is the expression which our atheistic and materialistic century has given to the ecstatic faculty. This eternal miracle within the traditions of mankind could not die out with religion. It has outlived religion, but instead of operating from God to man, in the metaphysical realm, it passes from man to man through the agency of the nervous fluids—an explanation much more marvellous and less acceptable to philosophical thought than all those of the past.

Ecstasy is contagious—that is clearly shown by history on the psychological plane, and by observation on the physiological. From the sublime descent of the Paraclete on the Apostles to the epileptic phenomena of the tomb of Saint-Medard, from the fakir of the Orient to the ‘passionists’ of the last century, from the divine Jesus and the poetic Apollonius of Tyana to the wretched victims of somnambulism, from the pythoneses of antiquity to the religious sisters of Loudon, from Moses to Swedenborg, one can follow the various phases of ecstasy and observe how it communicates itself spontaneously even to individuals who did not seem to be predisposed to it. But here a difficulty arises. How does it come about that this state of rapture, which has appeared in the most sublime spirits and constitutes the integrating element in the organization of all the great men, philosophers, poets, appears—in a different form it is true, but with the same intensity—in the most inept, and those under the influence of the crudest materialism? Is ecstasy

then an illness? Unquestionably in the vulgar it's nothing else, but just as fever or drunkenness produces brutishness or frenzy in base natures and religious enthusiasm or poetic inspiration in superior spirits, so ecstasy develops in each individual the qualities of his own nature and produces the miracles of grace, the prodigies of superstition, or the phenomena of an over-excited animality, according to the natures that are seized by it. In all cases it is a faculty at once natural and divine, capable of producing the noblest results when a great metaphysical and moral cause calls them forth. Mickiewicz is the only great ecstatic that I know personally, I have known many minor ones, and as regards him I would not care to say openly that, as I see it, he has been seized by that *high sickness* of the mind that puts him in the same family as so many ascetic illustrious, with Socrates, with Jesus, with St. John, Dante, and Joan of Arc—one would not understand the meaning that I attach to it and would get a very false idea. His friends would be revolted by it.

Nevertheless those who have not formed for themselves a correct view of ecstasy must be led by certain passages of *Dziady* to consider that Mickiewicz is crazy, and the reading of those passages must make those who have heard him lecture with logic and clarity at the Collège de France, think him a charlatan. He is neither the one nor the other. He is a very great man, full of heart, genius, and enthusiasm, fully master of himself in ordinary life, reasoning from his own point of view with much distinction, but carried into a state of exaltation by the very nature of his beliefs, by the violence of his rather savage instincts, the sentiment of the distress of his country, and that prodigious élan of a poetic spirit that recognizes no fetters to its powers and now and then flings itself to the boundary of the finite and the infinite where ecstasy commences. The terrible drama which then occurs in the soul of the poet has never been described by any of them with the power and truth which made *Konrad* a masterpiece; no one after reading it could deny that Mickiewicz is an ecstatic.

[Translated by L. L. W HYTE]

III—MRS. TREVOR'S

HERBERT SIMON

MRS. TREVOR'S was the last house on the road to Conway. It brought the village to an abrupt end with a firm look which must have been sufficiently menacing to prevent the usual spread of bungalows and shabby sheds which fringe our towns and villages like huge, ugly, irregular necklaces. It was built in Welsh seaside Gothic and all the outside walls were brightly rough-cast with pebbles. The effect was arresting, but not beautiful; for like most Welsh domestic architecture of the period it contrived to be tight-lipped and faintly disagreeable as if it felt that too much gaiety would bring disapproval from the deacons up at the chapel. The sills and window frames were finished in richly varnished ecclesiastical brown and in the rectangle of glass over the front door hung the familiar 'Apartments' card. We could not understand why so worthy a lady as Mrs. Trevor found it necessary to display this card. After all we came and filled her house every August. We must have been quite unconscious of the business side and the need of elementary selling devices to attract other visitors. Inside, the house was as clean and bright as the pebbled rough-cast without; pew brown picked out doors and wainscoting, and above each bed, in an Oxford frame, was a simple text. We were glad to sleep beneath our texts; we had a notion that by doing so we earned the right to construct vast civil engineering works on the sands on Sundays.

The walls of all the rooms were washed a bright blue to harmonize with the summer sea which could be seen from the back windows. The smell of fresh distemper permeated the whole house and, as Mrs. Trevor had the house 'done' every spring, the strong smell of fresh paint became an integral part of our holiday atmosphere.

We soon discovered that Mrs. Trevor's was magnificently in the real right place. There was no need to envy residents of Mona House and Bangor Terrace, those imposing establishments with their names in real gold on the front doors and much nearer the shops. The great thing was that Mrs. Trevor's commanded a grandstand view of the railway.

The main line of the London & North Western Railway

from Chester to Holyhead ran, in full view from all the back windows, between a small field and the low granite sea wall. A glorious spectacle was the rolling past of a whole train of granite chips in low wagons painted deep crimson with the magic name of the local quarrying company set diagonally in white letters across each truck. The granite chips looked marvellously fresh and clean, like olive leaves carved in stone. We wondered where the train was going and we hoped it was going to freshen the life of some granite chip contractor in smoky Manchester or Stoke-on-Trent. The granite chips were in fact used for road surfacing and ballast between the wooden sleepers of railway tracks.

In those days, before the 1914 war, the London & North Western kept their locomotives very smartly. There was then no distinction between the finish of goods and passenger engines. The dull black for goods engines was a utility finish of 1914-1918 which remained to become standard practice afterwards. The London & North Western livery was modest but very graceful. The engines were finished polished black with red and white lining on boiler barrel, cab and tender sides; centred on the sides, beneath the boiler, the romantic 'Britannia' crest was printed from coloured transfers. The passenger locomotives had names on bright brass plates set on the splashers, or mudguards, over the driving wheels. And they were lovely names too! 'Marmion', 'Hecate', 'Bucephalus', 'Himalaya', 'Thunderer' were among the names bestowed on their locomotives by the 'Premier Line'. There was no class distinction. We found beauty in goods and passenger alike, but it must be confessed that pride of place was reserved for the Irish Mail.

Just over the fence of Mrs. Trevor's field, and visible from the dining-room window, was the post and net by means of which letters were exchanged with the mail train as it swept past.

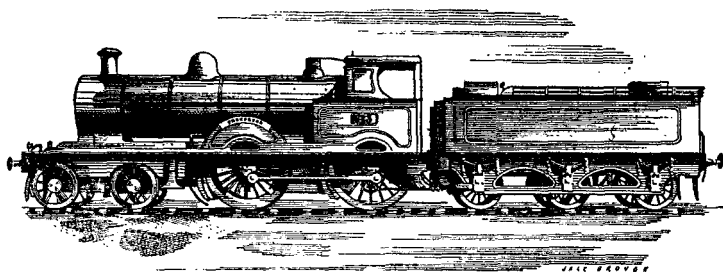
It was unbelievable that we should be able to witness the drama of the Irish Mail every day of our holiday except Sundays. The London & North Western did not run the Irish Mail on the Sabbath.

The midday meal at Mrs. Trevor's began at one o'clock. My younger brother, who was more enterprising than I and whom I used to honour by calling 'The Colonel', was determined to see the Irish Mail from the line side. He kept watch and at a quarter past one saw a postman arrive and hang two black leather

pouches on the post which was turned parallel to the railway line. This was our signal and we could not resist. The colonel jumped up and dashed down the field; I followed, and as I left the dinner table I had time to observe a slight flicker of displeasure on my father's face. Perhaps he felt our unceremonious departure showed discourtesy to Mrs. Trevor's artistic pink-and-white blancmange.

Sick at the thought of being late I raced to join the colonel who, with characteristic enterprise, was already engaged in conversation with the postman. I wondered if the postman had noticed that the signal was down, as with exasperating leisureliness he turned the two black pouches towards the line. There they hung like two black eagles strung up by the feet. In the distance we could see the smoke of the Irish Mail coming along the dead straight track from the bend round Penmaenbach. There was a lot to take in and it was a task to decide what to look at in those two or three exciting seconds. It was real drama for the colonel and me. The postman, sweating in his uniform, was absorbed in the skilled job of rolling a cigarette.

In those early years of the century, the Irish Mail was very often double-headed. That is there would be two engines drawing the train; the front one being spoken of in railway circles as the pilot. We were always impressed when the train was double-headed and we did not know that it was an admission that Mr. Webb's famous compounds were unequal to all the tasks asked of them. Indeed for many years there were some who claimed that L.N.W.R. express engines were sluggish, undersized and under powered. There may have been something in



L.N.W.R. "Precursor"

this; nevertheless all Crewe engines made up for what they lacked in tractive brawn by being very handsome.

The two engines roared past and the colonel and I just had time to identify their type: next to the engines there was usually a luggage van and then the Travelling Post Office. The net would be out and on a lower arm a leather pouch was swinging. It was almost simultaneous; the bag from the arm crashed into the ground net beside us and the two dead eagles were swept off the post into the thundering train. There was then a flashing past of the beautiful milk white and dark plum of the passenger coaches. It was in an atmosphere of relaxed tension that the postman collected the bag from the ground net, slung it on his shoulder and sauntered down the line over which a few minutes before the Irish Mail had rushed with such noisy majesty. The colonel and I walked back up the field to finish off the pink-and-white blancmange.

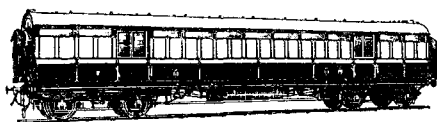
We never missed meeting the postman at a quarter past one. He was a friendly man and obviously liked exchanging small talk with the colonel. He allowed us to climb the fence and stand beside him right on the permanent way. Sometimes we would stand a little way back so as to have a better view of the whole scene. The Travelling Post Office was excitingly different from all the other carriages. It was painted in L.N.W.R. colours and on the near side was the net and delivery arm. There was also a small red panel beneath the gold of the Royal monogram. This we discovered was a letter-box which, for an extra fee, letters could be posted at stations where the Irish Mail stopped.

In later years, I seem to remember, double-heading became much rarer. Mr. Webb had been succeeded at Crewe by Mr. Whale, who designed the graceful 4-4-0 simple express locomotives known as Precursors. These were followed by 4-6-0. Experiments which were in turn superseded by the powerful, efficient, super-heated 'Prince of Wales' class designed by Mr. Bowen Cooke. It was long after Mrs. Trevor's days that the Claughtons put in an appearance. They were the first really big engines on the L.N.W.R. They were also the last, for not long afterwards the L.N.W.R. was amalgamated into the London Midland and Scottish.

I can only remember the exchange of bags going wrong once. Our postman was very upset, although it was not his fault.

The black leather pouches were hung on the post and swung round to the line. The train roared past and we could hardly believe our eyes—the bags were still there. They had missed the mail. The postman, in astonishment, tore down the track after the train shouting that they had missed the bags. But the train went on unconcerned, the red tail light blinking indifference.

The colonel and I were aghast at the awful effrontery offered to the postman: and all because a postal clerk, in a travelling post office, had forgotten to collect two black eagles hanging on a post between Conway and Penmaenmawr.



TRAVELLING POST OFFICE

BÉLA BARTÓK

RACE PURITY IN MUSIC

THERE is much talk these days, mostly for political reasons, about the purity and impurity of the human race, the usual implication being that purity of race should be preserved, even by means of prohibitive laws. Those who champion this or that issue of the question have probably studied the subject thoroughly (at least, they should have done so), spending many years examining the available published material or gathering data by personal investigation. Not having done that, perhaps I cannot support either side, may even lack the right to do so. But I have spent many years studying a phenomenon of human life considered more or less important by some dreamers commonly called students of folk music. This manifestation is the spontaneous music of the lower classes, peasants especially. In

D

the present period of controversy over racial problems, it may be timely to examine the question: Is racial impurity favourable to folk (i.e. peasant) music or not? (I apply the word racial here to the music itself, and not to the individuals creating, preserving or performing the music.)

The principal scene of my research has been Eastern Europe. As a Hungarian I naturally began my work with Hungarian folk music, but soon extended it to neighbouring territories—Slovakian, Ukrainian, Rumanian. Occasionally I have even made jumps into more remote countries (in North Africa, Asia Minor) to gain a broader outlook. Besides this 'active' research work dealing with problems on the spot, I have made 'passive' investigations, studying material collected and published by others.

From the very beginning I have been amazed by the extraordinary wealth of melody types existing in the territory under investigation in Eastern Europe. As I pursued my research, this amazement increased. In view of the comparatively small size of the countries—numbering forty to fifty million people—the variety in folk music is really marvellous! It is still more remarkable when compared with the peasant music of other more or less remote regions, for instance North Africa, where the Arab peasant music presents so much less variety.

What can be the reason for this wealth? How has it come to pass? The answer to this question appeared only later, when sufficient material from the various Eastern European peoples was available to permit of scientific analyses. Comparison of the folk music of these peoples made it clear that there was a continuous give and take of melodies, a constant crossing and recrossing which had persisted through centuries.

I must now stress a very important fact. This give and take is not so simple as many of us might believe. When a folk melody passes the language frontier of a people, sooner or later it will be subjected to certain changes determined by environment, and especially by differences of language. The greater dissimilarity between the accents, inflections, metrical conditions, syllabic structure and so on, of two languages, the greater the changes that fortunately may occur in the 'emigrated' melody. I say 'fortunately' because this phenomenon itself engenders and further increases in the number of types and sub-types.

I have used the term 'crossing and recrossing'. Now, the

'recrossing' generally takes place this way. A Hungarian melody is taken over, let us say, by the Slovaks and 'Slovakized'; this Slovakized form may then be retaken by the Hungarians and so 're-Magyarized'. But—and again I say fortunately—this re-Magyarized form will be different from the original Hungarian.

Scholars doing research in linguistics find many similar phenomena connected with the migration of words. Indeed, the life of folk music and the life of languages have many traits in common.

Numerous factors explain the almost uninterrupted exchange of melodies: social conditions, deliberate or forced migrations and colonizations of individuals or peoples. As everybody knows, Eastern Europe (except for the Russians, Ukrainians and Poles) is inhabited chiefly by small peoples, each numbering about ten million or even less, and there are no insurmountable geographical obstacles at the frontiers. Some districts have a completely mixed population, the result of war devastation which has been followed by colonization to fill the gaps. Continued contact between these peoples has been quite easy. And there have been conquests (for instance, of the Balkans by the Turks). Conquerors and conquered have mixed and reciprocally influenced their respective languages and folk music.

Contact with foreign material not only results in an exchange of melodies, but—and this is still more important—it gives an impulse to the development of new styles. At the same time, the more or less ancient styles are generally well preserved, too, which still further enhances the richness of the music. The trend toward transformation of foreign melodies prevents the internationalization of the music of these peoples. The material of each, however heterogeneous in origin, receives its marked individuality. The situation of folk music in Eastern Europe may be summed up thus: as a result of uninterrupted reciprocal influence upon the folk music of these peoples there are an immense variety and a wealth of melodies and melodic types. The 'racial impurity' finally attained is definitely beneficial.

And now let us look at the opposite picture. If you visit an oasis in North Africa, for instance Biskra or one of its surrounding villages, you will hear folk music of a rather unified and simple structure which is, nevertheless, highly interesting. Then if you go, let us say, as far as fifteen hundred miles to the East and listen

to the folk music of Cairo and its surroundings, you will hear exactly the same types of music. I don't know very much about the migrations and history of the Arabic-speaking inhabitants of North Africa, but I should say that such uniformity in so large a territory indicates that there have been comparatively few migrations and changes of population. Also there is another factor. The Arabic people in North Africa many times outnumber those small peoples of Eastern Europe; they live in a far larger territory and, except for the few dispersed islands of Hamitic peoples (Kabyles, Cha-u-yas, Tuaregs), are not intermingled with peoples of different race and language.

It is obvious that if there remains any hope for the survival of folk music in the near or distant future (a rather doubtful outcome considering the rapid intrusion of higher civilization into the more remote parts of the world), an artificial erection of Chinese walls to separate peoples from each other bodes no good for its development. A complete separation from foreign influences means stagnation: well assimilated foreign impulses offer possibilities of enrichment.

There are significant parallels in the life of languages and the development of the higher arts. English is impure in comparison with other Teutonic languages; about forty per cent of its vocabulary is of non-Anglo-Saxon origin. Nevertheless it has developed incomparable strength of expression and individuality of spirit. As for the development of Europe's higher art music, every musician knows what far-reaching and fortunate consequences have resulted from the transplantation of the fifteenth-century musical style of the Netherlands to Italy, and, later, from the spread of various influences from Italy to the northern countries.

[Reprinted from Modern Music, New York, by kind permission of the author and the editor.]

T. C. WORSLEY

THE SACRED TABLE

I

MRS. MORONEY was the sort of woman who went straight to the point, even when the point was an unpleasant one. At the very beginning of her first interview with the prospective tutor, she held her finger on the pulse of the problem.

‘It’s not,’ she said, ‘that I particularly want the boy to be interested in my sort of thing’ (and it was perfectly clear that this was just what she did want) ‘if only he was interested in *something*.’

She kept returning to this, to her young son’s listlessness, all the time that she was walking round her special room displaying to him her ‘things’. She moved about, touching a jug, edging forward a chair, adding the animation of her pleasure in them to the lights that glowed in the woods and flickered across the coloured porcelain. Spread across the sacred table, her special treasure, were some William Morris stuffs and a portfolio of drawings, which she came back to handle lovingly, caressingly, her restlessness stilled and centred round them.

‘Philip seems to care about nothing any longer,’ she deplored. ‘Nothing. If only he liked rugger, it would be something.’ But not, the prospective tutor felt, very much.

‘Why on earth,’ she went on, picking up and fingering the stuff, ‘why on earth should he keep running away from school to us, only to be bored to extinction when he gets here? It isn’t that he appreciates his home any more,’ and she picked up the stuff and the drawings which her Philip no longer cared about and put them tenderly away.

It was on the strength of his unprompted admiration for that table when he first came into the room that the tutor—so he later felt—had been finally engaged. His academic qualifications were not striking, his ‘experience’ non-existent. His application in answer to an advertisement in *The Times* had been the result of a sudden whim, prompted in part by a temporary financial embarrassment. Six guineas a week for three months, all found, had been tempting; and having no very clear notion of what a tutorship entailed except that he wouldn’t allow it to be exacting, he

had looked forward to a spell of heavy reading. He took himself seriously, if not his duties.

But the household caught his interest from the outset. When he first approached the Edwardian villa on the outskirts of the little country town, his heart had sunk as his imagination ran too easily forward to a vision of stuffy domesticity, of insipid suety meals, of long evenings during which he might be made the victim of B.B.C. variety or the reminiscences of a retired planter. Mrs. Moroney herself had been a first hint of the unusual. Vague and restless, in her faded Pre-Raphaelite shades, she had all the same struck him as decided. She knew what she wanted even if it was not plainly formulated. She was the one that counted, too. Mr. Moroney was not to be consulted. He was never to come much into the picture, was always to remain a background figure who nursed some powerful disease in the privacy of his workshop emerging only to preside in silence over meals and long summer evenings. A large heavy man with a blunt wedgelike face, he had made some surrender to her, of golf probably, and his bridge and his clubs, and, in an outside shed, he manufactured endless small boxes inlaid with mother o' pearl, which he turned on a number of small lathes; they piled up, these boxes, endlessly under his indefatigable industry—to become Christmas presents for friends and relations or to decorate numberless stalls in numberless bazaars for numberless more or less good causes. They were anyhow a success; the demand always seemed to exceed his supply and gave him no rest from his chipping and turning and his endless treadle.

Mr. Moroney was soon dismissed to his 'work', being given time only for a hand-shake after which the prospective tutor was conducted for the interview to Mrs. Moroney's special room. This came as a second surprise after the Edwardian exterior, and the shapeless colourless parlourmaid who had answered the old-fashioned bell. The sacred table made its immediate impression of light dignity and elegant poise. It was featured: the room was arranged towards it: everything else was there to heighten its effect. It was also a kind of Test. The Tutor saw, so soon as he had remarked on it approvingly to Mrs. Moroney, that he had 'passed'. He was as good as engaged.

But the interest soon shifted from Mrs. Moroney's 'things', which were not so remarkable except in the lively pleasure she

had from them. The Moroney's were only mediumly well-to-do and she couldn't—apart from the table—go in for rarities. No, the interest was in the sad queer little story of her only son, Philip, and in what she wanted from him in relation to this boy; and whether he would be able to help her get it—whether, even, it was desirable that he should if he could.

What it was that she wanted soon became clear:

'You see, Philip wasn't always like this, by any manner of means', she told him. 'Before he went to school he bubbled with life and vitality and energy. . . . And he was so unusual. He had the liveliest interest in all my things, and, besides, one special interest of his own. It was by an accident that I discovered his passion for dancing. I used to play to him every evening and one day quite on his own, quite spontaneously, he began to dance. He was only six, but I can't tell you how beautifully he felt the music. And I was always careful about choosing it. From the very first I'd always made sure that he only came in contact with the best—music, books, stuff, everything. So I insisted from the first when he started dancing that it should be in keeping with the best. Not that there was much need to insist. He had a natural taste from the beginning . . . in everything he touched. He'd seize up a scarf and a shawl and combine them always in just the right balance of tone. But it was dancing that became almost our life. I've never liked potted music, but I did buy a gramophone and chose the records carefully, so that he should dance to every sort of thing—and always he gave this beautiful interpretation of the quality. Later he used to act for me—scenes from Shakespeare and, oh, one thing and another. He knew acres and acres of The Plays by heart . . . I wasn't going to let him go to school too early. They go away from home much too soon nowadays, don't you agree? Of course when you see some of their homes——! But if a boy has a home where—— well, hadn't he much better benefit by it as long as possible instead of being plunged into the barbarity of a boys' school? Wasn't I right?'

The tutor could only assent.

'His father wanted him packed off to some beastly seminary at eight and a half. He thought I was molly-coddling him. But of course I wasn't. There's nothing molly-coddling about Shakespeare and dancing, is there? His father couldn't be expected to understand. But I kept to my plan. I was going to be quite sure;

sure that the foundation was solid before I risked it being broken up. By the time he was ten I thought it was all right. By then he really "knew". I felt it as safe to let him choose as to choose myself. That was the moment. He could go to school and learn what he had to.'

Mrs. Moroney took another restless turn round the room before she went on with her story. He had gone to school, and he had positively enjoyed it. That was what was so extraordinary. He'd got on surprisingly well. He'd learnt quickly and come out top in his classes. He'd shown a great aptitude for—of all things!—cricket. She was almost as pleased as her husband who was thoroughly delighted with these signs of ordinariness. She felt completely justified. She had never believed there need be any division between art and life. Of course his taste and his art didn't interfere with the ordinary pursuits. They helped. She hadn't been surprised that he was outstripping his companions. It was what she had expected.

Then, for no reason, without any warning, with no preparatory tears, fuss, or outward signs, he ran away. He walked out of the school one night and found himself a train and turned up at the house at midnight. He could give no explanation. 'He was not 'upset'. He didn't know in the least why he had done it. The school could provide no clue. After a week—a week in which he mooched aimlessly about the house and countryside, he volunteered to go back. And after six weeks he ran away again. It was the same pattern. No explanation, no tears, no fuss. But—and this was the trouble—no animation. All the enthusiasm, all the spontaneity, all the precious responsiveness, had abruptly vanished. The boy didn't want to do anything. He was stuck, like a clock that had gone wrong, and no manner of shaking could set him off again.

He went back to school once more, only to run away once more. Doctors were consulted and proved expensively unhelpful. The school refused to take any further responsibility. They recommended her to find a tutor.

'You must bring him alive again,' was Mrs. Moroney's final instruction to the newly engaged tutor. 'I don't mind how you do it. I don't care what form it takes. I shouldn't even object——' and this was evidently the proof of her despair—'if he starts to like rugger. But bring him alive. Get him interested in *something*, I don't mind what.'

But when she went on to give a hint about interesting ruins and a church with an antiquarian interest within bicycle reach, the tutor saw which way her mind was moving. Without quite knowing why, dimly foreseeing a possible need for desperate remedies without so much as having yet seen the child, 'I should have to have a quite free hand,' she suddenly found it necessary to insist.

'Naturally,' she answered quickly; too quickly. The tutor felt that she hadn't really listened.

'I might have to do—— well, anything.'

'Do what you like.' But he still felt that she didn't really mean it. Yet he began to enjoy the situation. He felt he had, at twenty-three, some sort of power which he could use. But he had to ensure himself absolutely in advance.

'You'll have to surrender the final responsibility to me.'

She gave him one careful look. 'Of course,' she said. 'I won't interfere. You must completely take him on.'

II

He didn't meet the boy that day. He was left to wonder what he was like during the three days they gave him to collect his belongings from London. As he talked the thing over with his friends, the smattering of psychological phrases and technical terms which everyone has at their tongue's end nowadays were invoked to help him. It was generally decided that the parents were the culprits and that it would be them rather than the boy he would have to straighten out. The tutor was too interested in himself and his own future to be very objective about it; but he was intrigued by the situation, and he felt, without anything much to justify the feeling, that just because he was himself, a young man full of vigour and life and interests, he must therefore be able to help. He contrasted himself—all youth and hope and expectation—with something that he thought of, in recollection, as 'anti-life' in Mrs. Moroney. Vitality she had, yet somehow it was muffled; interests she had, yet somehow they were blunted; passion she had, yet somehow it was withheld. Passion, interest, vitality—they were more his than hers. Both of them claimed them, but her claim was not valid; his own, just because he was twenty-three, was. Above all—and it was why he had intuitively felt it essential to press the point—she had never really

intended to give him a free hand. There was something quite definite she reserved.

What, on the other hand, it was that he so wanted a free hand over, he didn't in the least know; and his first meeting with the boy, when he came back from London, didn't in the least clear it up. If he had hoped that anything in the boy's manner would be suggestive, he was soon disappointed.

Philip Moroney was twelve, a slight, well-made boy, who stood regarding the tutor amiably but without friendliness. The hazel which lay like an undercoat beneath a warm complexion paled off, the tutor observed, into whiteness above the cheek-bones. He didn't look very well. Mrs. Moroney effected an introduction between pupil and master and left them together, facing each other across the sacred table. It was a moment for which the tutor had almost consciously not prepared himself. Faced with it now, he really didn't know how to begin. What did one, what on earth did one, say to even a normal boy of twelve? Two openings alone insisted on obtruding themselves, and either was hopelessly tactless. The questions that came uppermost were: 'Why *did* you run away?' and then much more insistently, 'What do you think of your mother?' He asked the first in sheer despair to avoid asking the second. The boy shrugged his shoulders as much as to say, how should *he* know, and then surprised the tutor, after a pause, by offering a suggestion.

'To get equal with them?'

The tutor didn't make much of that. Equal with whom and for what? But he wasn't going to lose a chance.

'It was the best thing you could do.'

The child looked puzzled. 'But it doesn't work.'

The tutor felt a renewal of power: 'We'll try and make it.'

'No, it won't work,' the boy repeated.

'We'll find something,' the tutor said, and from that moment was determined that he would. 'What about a walk?' and, the boy assenting, they went off for a stroll in the flat Essex country before dinner. But conversation was desultory. No opening through which to approach the main question presented itself. Nor did any for the next three weeks.

But the time passed amicably at least. Lessons were arranged for the morning, more to keep the child occupied than in any hope of getting anything learnt. For the enthusiasm which his

mother had described him so vividly as possessing was now quite dormant, so much so that the tutor began to wonder if it hadn't only existed in her imagination. The boy listlessly did what he was told, learned his lessons with a dull obedience, unprotestingly walked or cycled in the afternoon; he took his lead obediently from the tutor, grateful, it appeared, to have someone to make up his mind for him, since he had none of his own to make up. Mrs. Moroney watched and waited. Mr. Moroney chipped and twiddled in his outside shed. The tutor discovered no clue.

He looked for it first, as his friends had suggested, in the mother. He observed her carefully, and, in the evenings, when the boy was asleep—he slept mercifully early and late—tried to draw her out by artful questions. She was quite shrewd enough to parry him with equally artful evasions. He learnt a good deal about Chinese painting and the origins and development of brown lustre. But about herself he learned nothing. She was a discreet reticent woman who liked nothing so much as sharing her enthusiasms, and nothing so little as displaying her feelings. Her son she treated with a brusque affection, being very punctilious about his manners and appearance. He would be sent away from table for the faintest indication of dirty finger-nails and reprimanded for the slightest indication of childish greed. He took such reproofs with a sort of weary docility, just as he accepted her morning and evening kiss with an air of resigned patience.

But if, in the three weeks, the tutor felt himself no nearer a solution, he counted it as something that he was gaining the boy's confidence. He rather wished sometimes that he belonged to the earlier generation of his own schoolmasters who had still been sure enough of their ground to pick out a goal—house matches, prefectship, something of that sort—and had driven their charges roughshod towards it. He himself was acutely conscious of knowing only enough to know that the human machine was excessively delicate and that a false suggestion or a clumsy question might be enough to delay recovery. He bided his time, deciding, as his only point of policy, to try to give an impression that whatever in the world the lad was up to would have his unreserved approval.

Not that the boy seemed to be up to anything in particular. The first sign he gave of any feeling was so small and so negative that the tutor made little of it. It happened during the fourth week

when one day he interrupted their mechanical translating of Sophocles to digress a little on the life of the Greeks. He felt it was up to him—that Mrs. Moroney would especially consider it up to him—to waken the boy's interest in Greek art. He approached it circuitously, picturing in modern terms the life of a Greek boy. Philip listened obediently to the first part of his description, but the moment he reached art in the shape of describing a chorus by Pindar in praise of a victorious athlete, the tutor noticed an obstinate expression shut down the boy's face. It was, anyhow, a sign of *something*; it was better than the docile attention which was all the boy gave him as a rule. The tutor continued as if he noticed nothing:

'And in the evening there would be a dinner, with the victor garlanded as guest of honour, and some of the other boys would dance to the song which Pindar had composed. The boy himself might have danced too——'

Philip broke his pencil with a quiet snap. He had hung his head and his body was tensed to resist taking in what the tutor was saying; the tutor pushed on:

'Boys in those days danced as naturally as today they play cricket. They were all trained in it from childhood. Quite early on they——'

In the rudest voice the boy interrupted:

'This is very dull. Let's go on translating.'

The tutor was disconcerted. He'd quite expected an outburst but somehow, against all reason, was a little nettled to hear his efforts described as dull.

'If you find it dull, by all means. I was trying to make it interesting.'

His pique evidently affected Philip. 'I didn't mean you were dull,' he said, and it was plainly an apology.

'What *did* you mean, I wonder?'

But that was too big a question. 'Let's go on translating.'

It was the first time anyhow that the boy had wanted to translate. But the tutor pressed the point:

'You mean dancing's dull?'

The child looked miserable and cornered. He turned away his head. 'Let's go on translating,' he finally repeated, bringing the repetition out from some depth of misery.

They went on translating.

His pique, the tutor noted, had made its effect. That gave him at least some kind of weapon, although it was one that he instinctively felt he must be extremely sparing in the use of. But it was from this incident that things began to happen. The boy took to following him around. Previously he had been quite content to be left on his own, and had only given the tutor his company at the prescribed times, or at the tutor's express suggestion. Now he began to attach himself whenever he could. It was part of the arrangement with Mrs. Moroney that the tutor was to have to himself the interval between tea and dinner, and it was his usual practice to go to his own room to read. One day the boy sought him out there; he opened the door shyly and said, 'Do you mind if I come in? I'll be quite quiet,' and he settled himself noiselessly at the window and stared out of it, his handsome little face cupped in his hands, his elbows propped up on the sill. He didn't apparently want anything from the tutor except his presence, and when the tutor began speaking, the boy rebuked him:

'You go on with what you're doing. I don't want to disturb you.' It was solemn and grown up and touching. The tutor had the feeling that the child, in his demonstrated silence, was offering some kind of sacrifice that it would be offending to refuse. All the same he felt an awkwardness in going on reading his law books with that grave, speechless, staring boy sitting in the window waiting.

With half an hour to spare before dinner, he announced that he would take a bath; and the boy not responding or stirring he undressed; just as he was getting into his dressing-gown the boy turned and spoke.

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-three. Why?'

'You're terrifically strong, aren't you?'

The tutor felt so curiously complimented that he had to deprecate. 'Oh, I don't know about that.'

'Yes, you are,' the boy said, 'terrifically'.

The tutor turned and looked at Philip. 'Well, you know, so are you for your age.'

'Not as strong as you,' Philip said, turning back to the window.

'You soon will be,' the tutor said.

For one moment the boy's face lighted up. 'Do you think I will?' It was the long-awaited moment of returned excitement and it died the very moment that it flared. 'No, I won't. I can't be.'

'Of course you can be and you will.' But the boy had presented his back again and cupped his chin in his hands and was staring out on to the small neat lawn.

All the same Mrs. Moroney noticed a change in the boy that evening and the next day. It was slight but discernible.

'Something's stirring,' she said to the tutor. 'I don't know how you've managed it, but something's moving, don't you notice it?'

'Don't expect too much,' the tutor was prompted to answer, 'and above all don't watch all the time'.

For Mrs. Moroney, although she took no overt interest in the child's progress, never so much as asking what they were doing or how they were getting on, was all the time, the tutor had been feeling, present with her eyes; all the time she was out shopping or paying visits or going up to London, all the time she was dusting, rearranging, quietly reading, her eyes, he felt, were following them expectantly, in their lessons, on their walks, so that he had even contemplated suggesting that he and the boy should go away on their own. He had just before this hinted at the possibility and found Mrs. Moroney obstinately hostile. But he kept the idea up his sleeve in case it might be wanted.

The next evening, after Mrs. Moroney had, at luncheon, announced her intention of being out to tea, the boy turned up again at the tutor's room and installed himself in the same position at the window. The tutor after the merest welcome went on reading, but watched Philip covertly from behind his book. The boy had picked up a pencil and note-book from the window-sill and had begun scribbling. Presently his face tightened into concentration and the small tongue stuck out between the lips in the effort of doing something precise and difficult. He was drawing, his face and hand screwed tight; then there was a relaxation: the pencil travelled freely and wildly in circles round the paper, gathering momentum, speed and strength, as the circles decreased in diameter towards a centre, and on that centre it was struck down in a sudden burst of violence, slashing across and across, till it tore the centre out.

The boy turned round with a sudden friendly grin:

'You wouldn't like to come out and play cricket? I've got a ball and some things in the shed.'

Surprised and delighted, the tutor agreed. Stumps were found and pitched on the narrow lawn between the house and the poplar

trees. The tutor's suggestion that a soft ball would be best—he had put it on the ground of the windows—had been rejected, and a new fresh jumping enthusiasm easily over-rode his objections. He had persuaded the boy to bat presuming his refusal to be prompted by politeness. But he found him to be a bad bat, alternately absurdly over-cautious, when he would step back and cover his wicket, allowing anything a fraction wide to go past and bang against the shed door—or wildly rash, when he would shut his eyes and swipe, missing completely each time—mercifully, for the tutor felt that Mrs. Moroney would turn out to be very unindulgent in respect to her windows, especially the long fragile french window which guarded so inadequately her special room. The boy soon got tired of his ineffectual efforts and called out 'Now let me bowl!'

Then the tutor saw why. Without being an expert he could tell that the boy had a fine natural left-hand action, graceful, easy and by no means slow. He bowled, for his age, fast, too fast for the tutor who, without pads, found that his shins were in constant danger from balls that swung in nastily and late. He had, if he wasn't to retire hurt, to give all his attention to the bowling for the first over or two. Only then could he take notice of the fact that the boy was a changed person, that he had a confident smile, held himself erect and was thoroughly enjoying showing off to his tutor his graceful run, his lithe and smooth swing. He began, as small boys commonly do, to bowl faster and faster; but unlike most small boys did not allow himself to become correspondingly wild. He bowled with a deliberate precision at the tutor's body and hardly for a single ball was it out of danger. All the same, in an interval the tutor, out of the inveterate habit of instructors, advised the boy to control his speed. 'Length, not pace,' was a maxim that returned to him from his own schooldays. Philip, he noticed, did not respond favourably, and when they resumed, he started off at his fastest and seemed intent on proving that he could bowl faster yet.

After only five or six balls, the tutor's wicket was spread flat; and then from behind the bowler came an unexpected clap. The tutor looked up: the boy turned round: there was Mrs. Moroney who had returned from her tea, standing, head on one side, in her flowing clothes, decorously applauding. The animation faded from the boy's face, and when the tutor set up the wicket again and

threw the ball back to him, he let it drop, put his hands in his pockets and announced:

'I'm tired.'

'Do go on, do go on,' his mother called out. 'I want to see you hit for a sixer.' The tutor saw Philip wince at the word, and when he obediently picked up the ball and started bowling it was with a desultory indolence which was nothing like his real style. The tutor pulled up the stumps and called out to her:

'We're too tired. We've been going a long time,' and the game was abandoned.

Up till then he had been thinking Mrs. Moroney remarkably sensible: having reconciled herself to there being no intimacy between herself and her son, she had never tried to invent it. But the cricket evidently persuaded her that a basis for it had now returned. Instead of talking at dinner, as she usually did, on indifferent topics to him or to her husband, she tried now to draw the boy in. She introduced cricket as a subject and didn't seem to see that the child squirmed. When she asked him a question about school—a subject that hadn't in four weeks been mentioned—he didn't answer. She repeated her question:

'What was the name of that nice master you used to talk about, the one who admired your bowling?'

Philip went on eating. Mrs. Moroney looked at the tutor, as if for support, but he too pretended to be intent on his food.

Mr. Moroney made a sudden descent into action:

'Answer your mother when she speaks to you, can't you? You've a tongue in your head.'

But the boy didn't speak.

'Answer your mother or clear off to bed.' And the boy put down knife and fork, stood up, pushed in his chair and walked, with a dignity the tutor couldn't help admiring, out of the door. He didn't even slam it behind him.

When the tutor returned that night to his room, he picked up the notebook in which the boy had been scribbling and turned to the page. It was difficult to make anything out among the scrawl and scribble. It looked as if, beneath the circles, the leaf pattern of a William Morris paper had been copied. But whatever had been drawn in the centre of the page had been utterly obliterated by the last fierce onslaught.

III

There was no more cricket for the next three or four days, not till Mrs. Moroney announced one day at breakfast that she and her husband were going up to Town for the day, and would not be back until late in the evening. But during those days the tutor noticed a distinct advance in his pupil; he was becoming more ordinary. Instead of walking warily, circumspectly, almost daintily, he kicked about with his shoes: he would run on ahead: he thought nothing of arguing, disputing, scuffling even with his tutor; Mrs. Moroney had to reprove him several times for kicking, idly, the wainscoting or the door. He was taking an interest in his lessons, especially as the tutor now conducted them, talking with him about things more than teaching. There was a big illustrated book of Athenian pottery which Mrs. Moroney had said the boy used to enjoy and which the tutor had at the beginning, with no sort of result, tried to interest him in. Now Philip demanded it as the foundation of his lessons, delighting in the athletes, the warriors, the great gods, the battle pieces, the trussed-up sacrificial victims. He wanted them all explained and expanded, and it was noticeable to the tutor that he seemed to identify himself always with the most muscle-bound figure in any frieze. There was one plate that particularly fascinated, of a youth dancing, a heavily built young man who seemed to be stamping in a grinning triumph, wearing a helmet and greaves and shaking a spear. The boy didn't seem able to believe that he was dancing. 'But he looks so fierce,' he kept saying. 'But he looks so fierce—' and then he added—'and happy.'

'Is there any reason why dancing shouldn't be fierce—and happy?' the tutor asked, watching the boy's head bent in concentrated delight over the terra-cotta plate, as if he were retracing every line and stamping it on his memory. He was murmuring expressions of wonder and surprise as another boy might at an engine or an aeroplane. Finally he wound up with:

'Whew! That's something like dancing, isn't it?'

The wickets were put up again that evening. The boy bowled delightedly for three-quarters of an hour. As before, his bowling got faster and faster towards the end, but this time also wilder and wilder. The tutor thought it time to make an end. But Philip pleaded for one more over.

'Just six of my special, please!'

E

The tutor giving in to the plea, the boy went back for a slightly longer run, made a special show of ferocity, ran fast up to the wicket and then, instead of bowling, drew back his arm and threw the ball with all his strength straight at the tutor's head. The tutor ducked sharply and called out 'Here, steady!' and when he recovered his balance, he saw that the boy was standing stock still, white in the face, as if scared out of his wits. Acting instinctively, the tutor made a joke of it.

'You'll have to be careful, young man, you don't know your own strength.'

The boy was still standing uncertain and a bit dazed, as if he was horrified at what he had done; the ball had rebounded off the shed door and lay in the middle of the pitch; the tutor went over and picked it up and threw it to the boy, but he simply let it fall without moving.

'Come on, give me your six specials, but not as special as that last.'

Philip turned round and put his hands in his pockets: 'I don't want to play any more.'

The tutor went and picked up the ball, took it across and forced it into the boy's hands. For the first time in his month he spoke with a firmness which wasn't to be denied: 'You're going to take this and bowl me six more before we knock off. Here you are.'

The tutor went back and took up his stance; he saw the boy walk back irresolutely and then lollap up to the wicket to bowl the feeblest kind of ball at him. But the second one was a little more in the boy's real style; the third quite in it; and, by the time he had bowled a couple of overs, he was back again in his best mood, self-confident, skilful and smilingly showing off. When they had finished, he ragged the tutor and began a fight with him. He escaped from his grasp and pranced across the lawn. He seized a stump and, holding it as a spear, imitated the young dancer on the Greek plate, stamping, twisting and turning, in a pirouette that was more violent than classical.

The tutor was surprised to find Mrs. Moroney in the drawing-room when he had packed the boy off to have a bath. She had come back early and turned towards him now from the window.

'I've been watching you two,' she said coldly.

'But did you see him dance?' The tutor was too excited to notice her coolness.

'Dance?' She turned back to the window: 'I saw him capering like a guttersnipe.'

The tutor was dashed, but he persisted: 'He's coming alive.'

'He's getting very rough, I've noticed. Don't you think you indulge him too much? Personally I think you should start being a little stricter.'

The tutor was young enough to find his temper insufficiently under control. He said nothing for a moment or two and then: 'You gave me a free hand, you remember.'

'Within reason,' she now emended, 'we don't want to turn him into a hooligan.'

'You wanted him alive, and you didn't care how' he reminded her.

But she wasn't listening. 'You didn't know Philip before,' she continued with her thoughts. 'So I suppose it's not unnatural for you to expect him to turn into any other noisy scrapping little boy. But Philip was never like that. Never. Even his father, who wouldn't have so much minded, recognized that. He takes after me.'

The tutor considered that. He was wondering whether he should tell her about Philip's renewed interest in the Greek figures. But instead he spoke deliberately:

'If you started interfering, I don't know what would happen. I'm not sure that I know what will, if you don't. But I think it may be what you want.'

'And what *do* you think I want?' she suddenly turned round to face him with.

'That he should be free—free from whatever it is that damped him down,' the tutor tried to recall her to her original purpose.

'Fighting and throwing balls at people—is that the way you hope to do it?'

'Wait and see,' he pleaded, catching up his temper in deference to a loyalty to the boy's interests. 'Please wait and see.'

'I'm not sure that I've quite the confidence that I had,' she said going past him without looking him full in the face.

In the subsequent days Mrs. Moroney began throwing in her weight, and in so exasperating a manner that it became unbearable for the tutor. She nagged and fussed and interfered. She wanted to hear what they had been learning and criticized the choice. She made suggestions of her own as if she wanted now to enter their life on level terms. She took to playing on the piano, in the evenings, the pieces to which Philip had danced as a child

and recalled, as she played, the way he had responded to them. She took to coming over in the mornings 'to join in their reading' and suggested that she might reasonably be invited to accompany them on their walks. She was impervious both to the tutor's disapproval and to the boy's hostility, expressed now in a more active sentiment of dislike. He was no longer accepting her, and, if the hostility had not yet reached the stage of action or even of speech, it was abundantly clear to the tutor in looks and grimaces behind her back, in turnings away and sulky silences, in stampings and kickings when she had left.

The tutor was impossibly placed. If he was to be even superficially loyal to her, he couldn't be loyal to the boy; if he was to be loyal to the boy, he couldn't even superficially put up with her interference; and, as he felt committed to the boy's recovery, not hers, he worked himself more and more into a suppressed temper with her. So far was she from giving him his free hand, she was threatening to undo all he felt he had, even if unconsciously, done. He would have to have it out with her he felt one evening, after a particularly unnecessary piece of nagging at tea. She was really impossible; he'd have to tell her so straight. Her sensitiveness didn't evidently extend to other people's feelings: hints and indications were lost on her. There was only one thing to do and that was to have it straight out; and the cumulative effect of her general impossibility was to make him feel that having it out might well lead to a flaming row—and he really rather hoped it would; he knew what he would say.

He went downstairs thoroughly worked up for it. But he couldn't find her in the house. He went out into the garden and there, from one of the potting sheds, he heard sounds which drew his attention; it sounded as if someone was crying. It was a long dark shed, and when he came and stood at the side of the door, he made out his pupil at the far end, intent apparently on some private purpose which the tutor felt justified in watching. The boy's left arm was stretched out, holding something on the angle of a low shelf and the wall, and this something, the tutor, as his eyes became accustomed to the dark, saw to be a cat. The boy was holding it roughly by its neck and was forcing it down on its back while it cried and hissed and fought and whimpered. This was the crying that had drawn his attention and it was caused, he finally forced himself to realize, by the boy's holding in his right

hand a lighted cigarette which he kept bringing up towards its face and eyes, so that he was singeing the fur.

The tutor's first and natural instinct to interfere was, for some reason that he had no time to analyse, held back. He was to justify it later by reminding himself that interference would have been Mrs. Moroney's immediate reaction, and it was therefore by definition wrong. But at the time he was simply stuck there, silent and gaping, and increasingly involved. It simply struck him that this playing of the cigarette up towards the cat's face wasn't enough; they must go further; it must really be hurt. So identified was he with the boy that he was sweating, as the boy must have been sweating, his head was buzzing, as the boy's must have been buzzing, he was working himself up as the boy was visibly working himself up, jabbing the cigarette nearer and nearer, until suddenly with a grunt he took the decision and plunged the glowing end into the soft neck. The cat squealed and the boy, letting go with his left hand, hit it, swinging off his balance; the terrified animal shrunk back, and in an onset of fury the boy hit at it with both hands till it streaked away, howling, down the shed and out of the door past the tutor. The boy was after it, throwing something—a flower pot—and he too dashed towards the door past the tutor who put out his arms and caught him into them. The child was shaking and breathing in quick violent snorts through his nostrils.

'Steady,' said the tutor. 'Steady. It's well away by now.' . . .

The boy struggled and panted and then sagged against the young man's arms, turning his back, still panting. The tutor not knowing what to say, said nothing; he just hoped by his grip on the boy's shoulders to communicate his own share in the guilt. They stood for some minutes like that, and then the tutor turned the boy round and giving his cheek a friendly slap said:

'Come on, let's go and have a bath before dinner.'

The speed with which the child's moods could change had several times surprised the tutor. The boy insisted on his going and talking to him while he had his bath; and he chattered now and splashed and laughed as if he had no connection with the concentrated figure at the end of the long dark potting shed.

That night Mrs. Moroney, after dinner, went as usual to the piano. This evening, the tutor noticed, the boy was not resisting. He was restless, his legs were moving, his hands fluttering; and

then he got up and went out. Mrs. Moroney hadn't noticed, she went on playing. It was a mazurka, slavonic, romantic. The tutor was not yet quite reassured about the boy and he thought it best to keep an eye on him. Mrs. Moroney's special room was next door to the drawing room and it was in there that he found Philip. The music easily penetrated and the boy was standing in his steel-tipped shoes on the very centre of the sacred table; at the tutor's entrance he burst into a dance. It was the dance of the young warrior on the Attic plate; the boy was alive and grinning; he was triumphant. He spun and twisted, leapt and stamped, and the delicate surface of the wood tore and splintered; it creaked and cracked—but it held. The music was approaching its finale, and the dance—while the tutor simply watched—gathered strength and violence, until with the last chords, the boy attempted an *entrechat* and failed to come down in the centre of the table. As the music stopped he landed on one leaf which gave beneath his weight. He threw himself into the tutor's arms, panting and laughing and crying out:

'That was something like a dance, that was. That was something like a dance.'

IV

There was less awkwardness than there might have been about the tutor's departure—which took place the following day—because he made the arrangements exclusively with Mr. Moroney. Mrs. Moroney was, in the circumstances, remarkably restrained, but she was too grieved to act. Mr. Moroney's dash-in with a metaphorical uplifted cane had been intercepted by the tutor; he took the blame on himself and, quietly in the study, persuaded the husband that if the boy went back to school he would make a first-class left-handed bowler.

The good-bye between boy and tutor was quite unemotional; even, the tutor thought, a little surprisingly so. He felt at Philip's nonchalant 'So long!' that he less than ever understood children. The boy talked all the way to the station about his school, his friends there, and the one particularly nice master who admired his bowling; he was dying to get back. The tutor stepped into his compartment and shut the door. The boy waited as the train gathered speed, and the last the tutor saw of him was a small sturdy figure with hands in pockets, apparently whistling a tune and idly kicking a piece of clinker.

SELECTED NOTICES

Sculpture and Drawings. By Henry Moore. With an Introduction by Herbert Read. (Lund Humphries & Co. 3 guineas.)

JUDGED purely as an example of modern book production this volume is as good as anything of its kind produced in England during the last twenty-five years. It is easy and pleasant to handle, the plates are large and (for a change) well ordered, the quality of reproduction is outstanding (even the colour plates taken from the recent Penguin booklet are here well printed), and the typography is distinguished. In short, it is a fine contemporary book which does not seek its effect through 'modernismus'. Given the untiring energy and the modest good taste of the printers and Dr. Read, this volume could have been produced at any time; but, for producing it in dead-alive England in the sixth year of war they deserve special praise. This war has been made an excuse for much intellectual and æsthetic slovenliness, in thought as well as in action. Against such an attitude these men have fought: for them nothing but the best would suffice. And to the few who still refuse to lower their standards I, for one, am grateful.

But there are other considerations. Now it has always seemed to me that the modern habit of producing large illustrated volumes containing the complete *œuvre* to date of one individual and living artist is of questionable value. Are our contemporaries so great that nothing they create must be forgotten or overlooked? One can understand that the artists keep a full photographic record of all their works; but, as regards their public, let them learn from history a sense of proportion. Their every thought or action is not of equal value and the world does not need to see everything they do. When knowledge and taste, rather than irresponsibility, are again at a premium in the commercial world, and when artists rediscover a sense of self-criticism, I suspect that we shall hear far less about the bewildering unintelligibility of modern art. The reproduction together of one hundred different pieces of sculpture and even more drawings by a man of forty-six, who is probably only half-way through his artistic life, is surely not calculated to increase his reputation as an artist. Much of the material is obviously experimental, much is repetitive or otiose, and much (for lack of a glimpse into the future) is unresolved. Until the late nineteenth century every artist knew that work in progress must be exhibited with care. Most of the time it is as difficult for his friends as it is for the artist to know where it is leading. How then can the effect on the unconverted student or the philistine be anything but deterrent? It is soon enough for all the innermost secrets and failures to be exposed after the artist's death, when his work can be seen as a whole and everything falls into its place. It will be said that this condemns the artist, already rejected by society, to a life of even greater seclusion and neglect. Certainly not, it never did in any other century. Publicity should be widely given to contemporary artistic creations, but in their desire to help the artist his friends should learn to show care and discrimination. In a mass of uncertain detail the bold facts become obscured. For his part the artist who seeks to enrich the community must not forget that it is quality not quantity which counts. The latest work is not by any means always the best, even though it may at that moment appear the most important.

The scientist, for example, silently suffers innumerable failures before he faces the world with a conclusion. One cannot really blame the modern artists: one should feel sorry for them. Unwittingly they have become the victims of an idea transformed into a system. When Corot, in search of nature, moved his studio out of doors, and when Baudelaire, in romantic mood, praised *l'esquisse* for its freshness, neither foresaw that, by extension, the next generation of artists would exalt the passing optical phenomenon to the level of a work of art. Nor, that a later generation still would extend this idea of 'freshness' to give value to their every scribble so that only what is latest counts. Nor could they foresee the rise of middlemen who, by first rejecting their contemporaries, were able to encourage the divorce between artists and public until, under economic stress, when a new intermediary had to be found, they alone were available and the artists were in their power. Compromise or die became the law. (The revelation of this in the letters of Pissarro constitutes perhaps their greatest importance.) From the loss of this battle the creative artists have never recovered. They can now be kept at arm's length and given such monies by their agent as he thinks fit. That is the sociological and artistic problem with which we are faced; for, artists must live and temptations are strong. Moreover, ours will never be an artistic civilization until it is solved; and a sense of self-criticism costs money. (Think of Cézanne and Degas, who were only able to lead their supremely selective life of seclusion because of their economic independence.) But artists who do not realize their rarity value are lost.

So much for the plan of the book. What of the subject? On the evidence of his work I believe Moore to be a serious artist, one whose sculpture I respected before and whom I continue to respect after turning these pages. His intensive and conscientious study of his profession and of his materials is as evident in his drawings as it is in his actual sculptures. But a sculptor's lot today is an unhappy one; painters lead the way and architects disdain decoration, except of course of the official types. Sculpture is essentially a public art and the production of carved objects for salons and bedrooms (to which the modern sculptor seems condemned) is, on purely practical grounds, a contradiction in terms. This book is a lesson to those who can read and, though I have no more faith in the inevitable good taste of capitalist cartels than I have in the post-war Utopia, may yet work so that Mr. Moore will have his rightful chance in the years of reconstruction ahead. For he has shown the extent of his preparedness in his *North Wind* (1928) on the St. James's Park Underground Station (too high, alas, to be visible) and in his *Madonna and Child* (1944) for St. Matthew's Church, Northampton. And the humility with which he approached this latter task—as set forth in a letter quoted by Dr. Read—is worth noting. I would emphasize his conscientiousness, his technical qualifications and his humility when faced with an appropriate task, because they are qualities not usually associated with a modern artist. (It is senseless to discuss his exact degree of greatness because it is impossible to determine: suffice it to say that he is a good sculptor and that an age without artistic courage is culturally an age without a name.) Nor are they qualities which distinguish his dogmatic and uncritical admirers. As the victim of circumstance Moore has been thrown back on himself and what, for want of a better word, I will call his artistic laboratory. But that is where æsthetic discrimination should count most. We

boast of science as the achievement of our age, but we forget that it has so revolutionized our world that we are living in a new and precarious world in which, on the æsthetic plane, the artists are all primitives. A new æsthetic alphabet is being forged, literary as well as visual. Therefore it is the function of the informed critic to analyse and discard, not to justify all and sundry. It is equally the responsibility of the artist to be absolute master of his craft and to release only those works which are complete in themselves. In other words, he must be sure that he has a full experience to communicate. If he succeeds in this, his work will do the rest. Thus (and since I am writing of a sculptor I will particularize), it is a mistake to concentrate exclusively on the actual technique of carving stone and wood. So many of our present-day artists and writers are so obsessed by material, technique and all that is of-the-stone-stony that they have forgotten that *what* is created *and how* matters at least as much. They forget that the strongest roots of art are sunk not in technical problems of form and material but in life itself. Dr. Read's claim that 'sculpture is the creation of solid forms which give æsthetic pleasure' seems, therefore, natural to him. But it is unfair both of Dr. Read and of the artists to continue naïvely complaining of the ungrateful public which they alone have befuddled.

Of recent years, and in an attempt to escape from this *impasse*, artists have sought to explain themselves to the public. But because they can talk in stone or paint, they are seldom able to express themselves in words. Therefore they obtain the help of a skilled writer to perform a 'patient exegesis' and put their case more fluently. At this Dr. Read, a prestigious and prehensile philosopher but no art critic, excels. But the psychological dissertations upon the state of the artist's mind or soul which pass for criticism today do little to help the ignorant in their efforts to appraise the works with which they are confronted. Coming down to facts, to the works themselves, these apologies confound. The works stand alone, as it is only right they should. And at that point it is not enough to be shown for comparison an Aztec goddess (now loosely called 'Mexican sculpture') or an African idol, a Cycladic figure or a bronze Scythian animal, and to be told: 'They did it, so why not Moore?' What 'they' did was done with belief backed by tradition. Because this is a new age of primitivism we must not be misled into accepting for ourselves a false echo of other primitives. To take the outer form without the inner significance is mannerism. Picasso, for example, did not just copy the patterns of African masks or the forms of their figures: he learned from them a new way of looking at the world, and therein lies the greatness and vitality of the Cubist movement. The artist exists to express new relationships, emotional relationships, between man and his world. Of this Moore has at times shown himself capable. But, at the present crisis in world history when it is of the utmost importance to preserve all the faith we can in the works of man, the artist justifies himself by the extent of the human significance of his art. And here not only Moore's latest sculptures but especially his Shelter drawings leave too much to be desired. (He is, incidentally, a weak draughtsman.) I do not deny the importance of form in a work of art, but I do believe in 'first things first'. Donatello, Michelangelo, the heathen Chinese or the converted Romanesque sculptors also enjoyed working out the pattern made by surfaces, but they did not limit their subjects to that. Where the feeling is strong enough the appropriate form will present

itself to the truly creative artist. Society will, rightly, never accept the idea that form is all, any more than it will the idea that 'a house is a machine to live in', if that means streamlined, inhuman shape. Art and pleasure are not mutually exclusive.

In short, without concurring in the statement that Moore is 'now generally recognized as the most distinguished sculptor of our time', I do believe that he has produced some works of true sculpture. And that is already an achievement. He has shortcomings, he works at a disadvantage, he makes a virtue out of asymmetry, and by rejecting both modelling and relief sculpture deliberately limits his range. But his real trouble is his fear of vulgarity, which makes of him a self-conscious purist. In his case 'truth to nature' means taking his inspiration from his material, and that has led him up a blind alley. For he has rejected the evidence of hundreds of generations of earlier sculptors who were there to tell him that stone, bronze or wood yield to the most diverse treatments. The imitation of weather-worn pebble and bone shapes just because nature fashioned them is not sculpture. There is neither magic nor art in such phenomena, and Moore in this mood is playing variations (with oh what competence!) on a dangerous and anti-artistic theme—the surrealist veneration of the fortuitous find. But, when all is said and done, there remain the evidences of his craftsmanship and artistry, the works into which he has poured emotion—Plates 11, 13A, 15A, 17, 21, 24A, 26, 28A, 72A, 74 and 110.

DOUGLAS COOPER

AN EXISTENTIAL BOOK

Branch Street. By Marie Paneth. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

It is no accident that Allen & Unwin have published Marie Paneth's *Branch Street*, the most important and moving sociological study written since the outbreak of war. Allen & Unwin are the publishers of some of the works of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Freud, threads of which, in particular philosophic pessimism as opposed to humanitarian philistinism and analytical consciousness, are caught up by Mrs. Paneth who has had the courage to draw the correct conclusions from her material. The special atmosphere of *Branch Street* is revealed at once. The beginning of the book recalls the surrealist world of Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite*, with its superbly visual processional scene of the wayward children moving through the dormitory as if celebrating mass in a cathedral. The opening sequence is symbolical of the notes of an infantile and yet dangerous sadism and not quite fresh innocence which sound throughout the book. 'This group attracted the special attention of the people on the street because the woman was very tall and well dressed in a light woollen cape, a dainty hat with a small black veil covering grey hair, while her young companions were dressed in rags of the poorest materials, none of their clothes seemed to fit them, and they all looked extremely dirty, unkempt and slummy. All at once the passers-by saw to their astonishment the cape being lifted and carried like a train by two of the girls. The woman turned round and tried to stop them, but in vain. The girls formed into a sort of procession behind her and started singing at the top of their voices to the tune of the bridal march. . . . In this way the procession marched on for a while.'

Branch Street deals with lost children. That is to say, it deals with children who have found the way home to destruction but cannot find the way home to the house of reality and creation within themselves. Even as they draw houses without an entrance, they grope in a half bewildered and violent manner around the cold walls of life, clawing the stones, striving to break through, knocking for the kind mother and the good father to open the door. They knock in vain. Within are only the drunken and sexual parents. 'You beast, I've had enough of it. Don't hurt me. Let me alone,' and worse. The main problem for Marie Paneth was to replace the children's concept of the woman as the father's sexual slave and degraded mother by a new and better imago on a higher level who would endeavour to transform the impersonal animal warmth the children received from their mothers into a more individualized and helpful form of affection. Almost throughout the entire time of her work with the Branch Street children Mrs. Paneth got the aggression that should have been directed against the children's own parents. This explains the seeming absence of a positive transference in analytical work with criminal and wayward types in whom a subsidiary transference takes place. In order to protect the beloved illness, which he dreads will be taken away, the delinquent gives his affection not towards the one who wishes to help him, but to the anti-social world and the low imago.

At first, the Branch Street children strove not to improve in order to revenge themselves, not so much against Mrs. Paneth, but mainly against her co-workers, who analytically untrained, wished to use methods of compulsion, whereas Mrs. Paneth understood that the children had still to live out (one might almost use a more physical expression), to sweat out, their colossal aggression against life before they would have room within themselves to breathe-in a world of spring. The children understood that the newcomers wanted to rob them of their old manner of life and that, if they showed improvement in their behaviour, they would be giving them pleasure. Therefore they struggled against improvement. In the famous sexual scene (pages 21-23) they sought to degrade the woman as lofty spiritual imago to their own level by humiliating her in an instinctive manner. The whole episode of the excursion to the country is most instructive, both as an example of the ambivalence of the girls towards Mrs. Paneth as the new strange mother, and as a revelation of the fact that the lower classes invariably use the mechanism of psychological projection to rid themselves of a sense of guilt: 'At the start they cleaned and wiped and swept of their own accord and willingly, without being told. Half-way through, however, they tired of it and did not do so any more. After I had done it alone for the first time, without their help (I had not commented on this fact), they accused me of never working but of always slacking and wanting to have a good time! . . . Then they started packing up. While they thought I did not see, they refilled their tins and jars, which were empty, with what was left over in mine and immediately afterwards accused me (I had neither mentioned the distribution of the groceries nor had had any dealings with it) of having eaten all their provisions and saved mine and of having packed them away safely. All of which was untrue. . . . Once, while they were cooking, I went away for a few minutes to investigate the surroundings. When I returned I was asked where I had been. I pointed in the direction

I had taken and said that I had been for a little walk. They immediately left their occupation and went to where I had pointed. They came back a little later, and Margaret said with theatrical emphasis in her voice: "Oh, Miss, guess what we found, guess what we've seen." I tried but was not successful. "Something very nasty," they said helpfully. When I gave it up they said, "Oh, Miss, we never thought you would do such a thing. No nice lady would do that." Then they whispered in a very unnatural tone, though loudly enough for me to be unable to avoid hearing the words. "It had two loops," Margaret whispered. The girls project onto Mrs. Paneth something they would have done themselves had the necessity arisen. "When we were settled Margaret exclaimed: "I wish I had a boy here." Soon afterwards one of them said that she was frightened, and the others said the same. . . . They were frightened of the cows outside. And a little bit later "of men coming in". . . . In the middle of my tales Joyce wanted to say "one more prayer". She sat up and said quickly, "Please, God, bring me safely through the night and to the next day". . . . Every minute or two she called for me. "Keep your eyeballs open, Mrs. Paneth. Don't go to sleep. I'll be frightened if you go to sleep before me." . . . Then they used some very dirty expressions and disappeared with the prophecy that the cows would come and bite me. . . . There were prayers again. . . . "I'm worried for my Mum," one said, and the others repeated it. When they had returned to the club Margaret said to some other girls in the presence of a complete stranger, "Do you know that Miss wanted to sleep outside in the woods when we were camping? She wanted to sleep with a cow." Joyce, who was also present, changed this into "She wanted to be licked by a cow". These quotations which show how unrepressed an observer Mrs. Paneth was, contain the core of the children's conflicts. They have not yet evolved beyond the totemic stage in which the animal, in this case the cow, symbolizes the sexually brutal and primitive mother and father towards whom they are ambivalent. They are filled with death wishes against their own parents which are turned partly against Mrs. Paneth and partly against themselves in the masochistic delight of spoiling their holiday through naughtiness. Mrs. Paneth gradually pushes away the memory of the original parents and takes the place of the most important person in the child's life; it is around her person that the chief conflicts group themselves. It is at this point that the transference tension will either break or be tremendously increased. The constant prayers are an unsuccessful attempt (the fear of being bitten by the cows increases) to allay the sense of guilt arising out of the unsatisfied wish that both the parents and Mrs. Paneth should die. It may be pointed out here that some, amongst the boys, were almost conscious murderers. In the memory of these young girls (and to the horror of all sincere philistines), as a result of brutal and drunken scenes witnessed at home, sexual intercourse and biting are synonymous. To them love looks and sounds like murder. A similar process occurs in the upper classes, but it plays itself out in a more unconscious and artistic way. Jung has remarked that when a young girl talks of death she means love. The incest motive comes to the surface as well. Unconsciously, the girls want the cow, the father, to bite them, and the resulting repression of libido is converted into anxiety. However, they also identify themselves with the father animal, the cow, create a phallus for themselves and seek to

possess Mrs. Paneth. And, in the end, the cow becomes an impersonal historic symbol of the bad mother who seeks to draw them out of life into the black night of the evil womb. These lost children, for a short period in their lives, carried forward on the glowing wave of Marie Paneth's libido, desire and fear to lose themselves in the woods. They constantly fear death because they are unconscious murderers. Fear of death is always fear of one's evil self. There is so little improvement because unconsciously they want to regress, to die, because they sense that death would be the correct punishment for them, and the only release and protection from the danger of the strength of their own aggression. As soon as they are left to themselves, the children sink back into their old habits. Sublimation, only possible at a high cultural level, is beyond their capacity. The half-veiled sexual episode with the young dressmaker is instructive because it shows how important it is for all those who have psychological contacts to bring to their work an analytical background and balance. The dressmaker had succumbed to the counter-transference. She had unconsciously wished to be followed by the boys and to have her skirt raised. With the consequent repression of her sexuality she developed a sense of guilt and was unable to continue her work at Branch Street. *Branch Street* is the first book which makes conscious the indefinable yet typical sado-masochism in the psychology of the highly cultured refugee put to creative use. This is a quality which gives to Marie Paneth a sensitivity almost, at times, bordering on collapse, yet always avoiding this through her realistic identification with the sufferings of the children. She comes completely near to them and yet has the aristocratic strength of character to view them from a certain distance. And even in the distant identification she does not forsake or lose them. *Branch Street* is an existential book; there is the recognition that there exists a grain of goodness in the children, but there is also the deeper pessimistic recognition, which gives great creative pathos to the book, that these children's lives, conditioned by unfavourable historic and instinctive factors, will never develop. One is witnessing the degeneration of primitive types who have become degenerate without having ever evolved. (The adult life of such a type was examined in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*.) The children are the doomed products of the biological spasm which, gaining inspiration out of the beer mugs, takes place every Saturday night according to the weekly ritual of the sexual bourgeois amongst the English proletarians. But having made conscious the scientific necessity for a deeply pessimistic prognosis in connection with the children's future development, Marie Paneth gathered together her whole strength and made the binding decision, in opposition to all the timid and libido-less co-workers, to go forward into the world of negation, even though she recognized consciously that the negation would ultimately triumph. That is the existential way of life, to have both youthful libido and balanced dignity of personality, even though one knows that one's life work is going to fail. To be positive, harmonious and extroverted in the midst of one's deepest introversion, pessimism and neurosis, that is the dialectic of *Existenz* and the mark of greatness. One should comment on the tremendous urge to destroy found amongst the boys. This tendency towards negative creation is not accidental. To-day, life is conditioned by the dying out of instinct and, in consequence, the gradual triumph of the death-instinct and the destruction

which belongs biologically to it. The upper classes, having repressed their joy in destruction, are even losing the will to aggression. Amongst the lower classes, while there is absolutely no feeling for creative life, there still exists the active urge to destroy, which dies out last of all.

Emphasis is placed on the fact that in the struggle between Eros and death-instinct the victory of love is not at all assured. 'Most probably it is too late. . . . Perhaps nothing can make them normal any more.' It will probably not be possible to replace the bad imago by the good imago, because the whole instinctive life of the children is wrapped up in the evil, but sexually attractive, world of the parents. 'But in Branch Street, a future generation *might* grow up saner and happier.' The *might* says everything. Seen against the total background, it contains both the author's desire for and fear that the manifestation of Eros will be too great a burden for the children to bear.

R. FRIEDMANN

E. M. Forster. By Lionel Trilling. (Hogarth Press, 8s. 6d.)

ALIEN approach in criticism has its own advantages; that is, when it is joined to ability and discernment. Mr. Trilling has great ability: the kind of constructive, architectural ability that can build critical systems and relate to them individual cases. His book on Matthew Arnold was a fine achievement; he has, and used, all the instruments for construction, analysis and correlation; his critical apparatus, based on wide reading, hard, ordered thinking, and intensive, unroving, unempirical formulation of ideas, produced a masterpiece of intelligent statement and imaginative reconstruction. He successfully related his subject to background and environment; his chapter on 'The Failure of the Middle Classes' is a remarkable transatlantic study of mid-Victorian English society. He had, dealing with the Victorians, what we all have, the critical advantages and disadvantages of distance; those questionable shapes can be approached coolly, objectively, imaginatively. With E. M. Forster Mr. Trilling has something of the same advantages and disadvantages; not merely because he writes out of a different culture and society, but because his whole mind, approach, and intellectual make-up are not only different, but remote. Most English writers on Mr. Forster probably share enough of his angle and attitude, enough even of his idiom, certainly enough of his background, to lose thereby some objectivity; the hypnotic charm of this author must work a little to sway critical judgement; the quality of *recognition* becomes a major factor. Mr. Trilling, with his own strongly individual attitude and intellectual equipment, firm, Columbian, tough, deep-driving, and very unlike his subject's, seems at once freed and hampered in his approach. The one mind is architectural, academic in a good sense, apt and able to construct aesthetic and moral systems and to refer individual cases to them, integrating them to a whole corpus of ideas; the other is roving, intuitive, empirical, flickering like light and shadow, probing and thrusting lightly, never emphatic, usually touched with irony. Occasionally one has the feeling that Mr. Trilling is trying to pin some iridescent and fluttering insect to a desk—and very capably and judiciously, as a rule, he does it, for he has great discernment and great intelligence.

With all his discernment, and all his appreciation and comprehension (and that they are considerable no reader of his *Matthew Arnold* can doubt) he does, I think, miss some things. Some, for instance, of Mr. Forster's wit seems to flicker by him unobserved, or even faintly condemned as 'bird-like whimsy', or 'arch.' For this reason he dislikes some of the essays collected under the heading 'The Past'; he does not feel that history should be treated whimsically, archly, ironically, made to seem 'quaint'; it exasperates him, as does something of the same quality in Virginia Woolf. Further—and here is perhaps one of the effects of the intervening Atlantic—he misses something of the idiom. Not merely the idiom spoken by the people in the novels, of whom no one making even the most casual remark could be mistaken for any other (Mr. Forster is perhaps the only novelist in the world of whom this can be said) but his own idiom of narration and comment. Dealing admirably and often illuminatingly with the ideas, the content, and the plots, he does seem to neglect (or despise?) a little the medium of their conveyance—those tricks of style, language, phrase, diction, the cool slant, that make half, perhaps seven tenths of the artistic whole. Admirable critic of the spirit, he makes, I think too little of the body that clothes it; appraiser and interpreter of the constructed building, he is too little concerned with and curious in the plastics of the builder's art. He is at his best when most abstract, intellectual and ideological. Here he is often first class. Accepting what other writers on Mr. Forster have emphasized, the theme of conflict as a central motive, the two armies—light, reality, truth, youth, ranged against darkness, sham, conventionality, humbug, age—and the perpetual war between them, he adds to it, as even more central, the theme of the undeveloped heart, and of course he is right. He follows Mr. Forster in his dubious attribution of the undeveloped heart to the public schools; if it were pointed out that only a small minority class goes to these schools, the answer is that it is this minority class that sets the tone for the rest of England. There is something in it, and it is a point likely to be seen more clearly by foreigners than by the English. Anyhow, Mr. Trilling calls it the basic theme of the inadequate heart, the insufficient imagination. As he points out, the theme is announced in the early short stories, developed through the novels. He is excellent on *Howards End* (which I am glad to note that he regards as the best of the novels); 'it develops to the full the themes and attitudes of the early books, and throws back upon them a new and enhancing light. It justifies these attitudes by connecting them with a more mature sense of responsibility.' Admirably put; and worth saying, partly because it is one of the few comments (by any critic) which deal with Mr. Forster's *development*. With Matthew Arnold Mr. Trilling was particularly good on this; Mr. Forster offers less material for such study, but it can and should be made.

Mr. Trilling is more discerning about ideas and attitudes and themes than he is about the characters of the people through whom these are expressed. Here he is occasionally surprising, and one cannot agree. He makes Miss Raby, of *The Eternal Moment*, the spiritual ancestress of Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Moore, Rickie Elliot's mother, and Margaret Schlegel. Surely an odd collection. Miss Raby, reckless, impetuous, unconventional, generous, indiscreet yet wise (Mr. Trilling's 'gentle' is an inapt word) is recognizably an early Margaret

Schlegel; but to class both these eager, clever, impulsive women with the slow, unconsciously mystical, quite unclever, Mrs. Wilcox, or with the deceased Mrs. Elliot, of whose personality we know little (Mrs. Moore is more possible as a Raby-Schlegel grown old) seems a wide miss. Then again, Evelyn Beaumont, Lucy Honeychurch and Helen Schlegel are herded together as 'another feminine type'. But Lucy and Helen are poles apart; Lucy would have bored Helen, Helen would have puzzled and disconcerted Lucy; they come out of different worlds. The two clergymen, Mr. Eager and Mr. Beebe, are also classed summarily together, which is quite unfair on Mr. Beebe, whom I think Mr. Trilling does not really understand; he puts him without qualification among Mr. Forster's 'goats'; he is not meant for a goat, but for a pleasant and good man with an unreasonable Pauline bias against matrimony and sex love, which distorts his otherwise kindly nature; whereas Mr. Eager is merely a malignant and stupid bigot. Niceties of character are not, in brief, Mr. Trilling's line of country; we are startled by such statements as 'the mould for Aziz is Gino Carella'. We turn from them to the excellent and stimulating chapters on 'The liberal imagination' and 'Mind and will'; here Mr. Trilling is at his intellectual best. He draws an interesting comparison between Mr. Forster and T. S. Eliot as critics; the one taking as his motto '*ériger en lois ses impressions personnelles, c'est le grand effort d'un homme s'il est sincère.*' 'The effort to codify personal impressions is what gives weight and dignity to his work. But it is exactly weight and dignity that Forster fears.' He is 'a critic with no drive to consistency, no desire to find an architectonic for his impressions. . . . In short, he is an impressionist critic.' He dissatisfies as a critic, Mr. Trilling thinks, because, however good his individual aesthetic judgements, they are unrelated; he does not attach his personal impressions to 'an extrinsic faith, a framework of tradition and intention which keeps them together and advantageously exposes them to view. But Forster's critical method is precisely the announcement of his reluctance to accept a faith.' It is a valid distinction. Mr. Trilling, himself a critic of the framework school, judges Forster's more relaxed, empirical method as the less adequate. His own gift for solid integration perhaps biases him here.

On the novels, he is very good. 'The fierce plots move forward to grand simplicities, but the comic manner confuses the issues, forcing upon us the difficulties and complications of the moral fact. The plot suggests eternal divisions, the manner reconciliation; the plot speaks of clear certainties, the manner resolutely insists that nothing can be quite so simple. "Wash ye, make yourselves clean," says the plot, and the manner murmurs, "If you can find the soap".'

This, and many other comments, are the outcome of the perceptive appreciation of a first-rate mind. It is good that such a mind should be applied to the analysis of our major novelist and stylist.

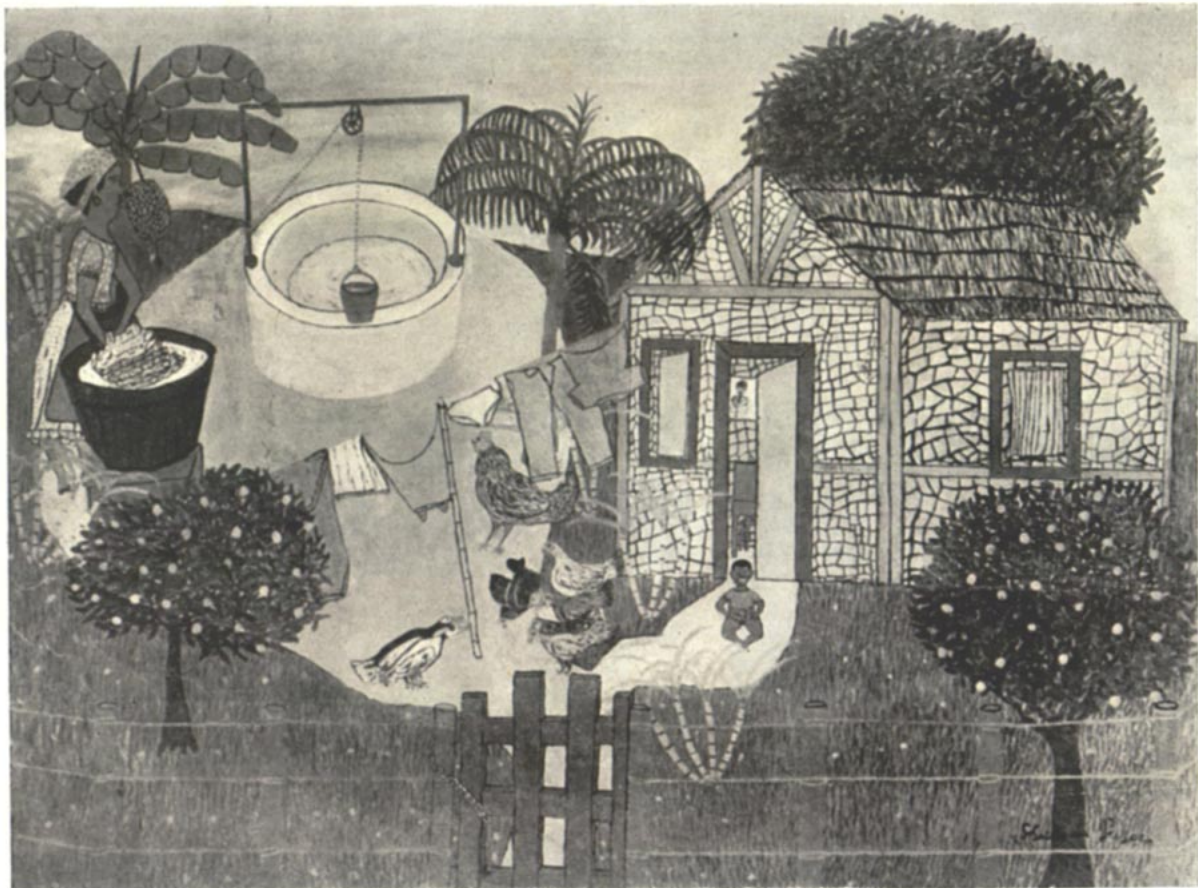
ROSE MACAULAY



CANDIDO PORTINARI. Group. Oil



TARSILA DO AMARAL. Landscape. Oil



HEITER DOS PRAZERES. Washerwoman. Oil



LASAR SEGALL. Lucy with Flower. Oil

Photographs by courtesy of The British Council

These four paintings form part of a collection of 168 pictures presented by Brazilian artists to H.M. Government as a demonstration of their friendship for Great Britain and of their admiration for the part she is playing in the War. They are being shown in London at Burlington House from 23 November to 15 December and afterwards in the provinces under arrangements made by The British Council. The proceeds from sales of the pictures will be given to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ reprinting immediately ★

INEZ HOLDEN'S

masterpiece of documentary

There's No Story There

'This is brilliant reporting by a skilled observer . . . In a sense an important war document. You get the quiet, rubber-and-asbestos atmosphere of danger and everlasting precautions.' *The Star*

8s 6d net

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD

Fontaine

*Revue Mensuelle de la Poésie
et des lettres françaises*

No. 36

PIERRE JEAN JOUVE—Tapisserie des
Pommiers; EMMANUEL D'ANTIER—Sept
Jours en Hiver; RAYMOND QUENEAU—
Poèmes (1940); ANDRÉ ROUSSEAU—
Péguy Socialiste et Chrétien; RENÉ
CHAR—L'Avant-Monde; MARGUERITE
YOURCENAR—Présentation de Kavafis;
CONSTANTIN KAVAFIS—Poèmes;
WILLIAM FAULKNER—Elly; PIERRE
KEVERDY—Poèmes; ALBERT BEGUIN—
Sur la 'Mystique' de Maurice Scève

Subscription rates 30s. per year (ten
issues, including two double numbers)

Single numbers, 3s. each (double
numbers 6s. each)

From the Sole Agents in Great Britain

HORIZON

6 SELWYN HOUSE,
LANSDOWNE TERRACE, W.C.1

TERMINUS 4858

THE WELSH REVIEW

Edited by GWYN JONES

Vol. III, No. 4 December, 1944

Price-Parry (story)

GLYN JONES

Oranges (story)

ROBERT GWYN

The Cat and the Man (poem)

OLIVER EDWARDS

Birthday Poem

JOHN ORMOND THOMAS

What is Minor Poetry?

T. S. ELIOT

Welsh Folk Verses

ANEIRIN AP TALFAN

Do Universities Educate?

Prof. P. MANUELL JONES

The Changing Countryside

Sir R. GEORGE STAPLEDON

Another Working Day Begins

W. GLYNNE-JONES

Other Articles, Poems, and Book Reviews

Price 2s. 6d. Subscriptions (8s. 10d. per
annum, post free) should be addressed to

PENMARK PRESS LTD.

117 St. Mary Street, Cardiff

MARY AGNES HAMILTON

REMEMBERING MY GOOD FRIENDS

The author has led a full and varied life of public service. She has been a Member of Parliament, a delegate to the League of Nations Assembly, a Governor of the B.B.C., an Alderman of the L.C.C., and lecturer in the United States. Her book is not an autobiography but an album of portraits: a long gallery of friends and very few enemies, presented without malice but with critical judgment

12s 6d net

JONATHAN CAPE

Published by the Proprietors, HORIZON, 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, London, W.C.1, and printed in England at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, E.13